THE ARYAN PATH

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July 1966

EDITORIAL REPRINT from C. C. MASSEY
True and False Personality

BARBARA LONGBRAKE
"The Drums of Nothingness Surrender": A Finale

DOOJEN NAPAL
"A Little India Beyond the Seas"

K. V. SURYANARAYANA MURTI
Tagore's "Chitra": A Grammatical Clue to Character

BOOKS REVIEWED INCLUDE

The Arthaśāstra of Kauṭilya; *Methods of Knowledge*; Albert Schweitzer's *Reverence for Life*; *The Knower and the Known*; *The Meaning of Personal Existence*; *Mental Health in a Changing World*; *Netaji—the Man*; *Feeding the World*

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does the Evening Star
those who tread their path in darkness.

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SOPHIA WADIA

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Assistant Editor: Rameshchandra Sirkar

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

— The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXVII JULY 1966 No. 7

True and False Personality

[We reprint the following article from *Five Years of Theosophy* (Reeves and Turner, London. 1885), a selection of articles from *The Theosophist.* —ED.]

THE TITLE prefixed to the following observations may well have suggested a more metaphysical treatment of the subject than can be attempted on the present occasion. The doctrine of the trinity, or trichotomy of man, which distinguishes soul from spirit, comes to us with such weighty, venerable, and even sacred authority, that we may well be content, for the moment, with confirmations that should be intelligible to all, forbearing the abstruser questions which have divided minds of the highest philosophical capacity. We will not now inquire whether the difference is one of states or of entities; whether the phenomenal or mind consciousness is merely the external condition of one indivisible Ego, or has its origin and nature in an altogether different principle; the Spirit, or immortal part of us, being of Divine birth, while the senses and understanding, with the consciousness — Ahankara — thereto appertaining, are from an *Anima Mundi,* or what in the Sankhya philosophy is called Prakriti. My utmost expectations will have been exceeded if it should happen that any considerations here offered should throw even a faint suggestive light upon the bearings of this great problem. It may be that the mere irreconcilability of all that is characteristic of the temporal Ego with the conditions of the superior life — if that can be made apparent -- will incline you to regard the latter rather as the Redeemer, that has indeed to be born within us for our salvation and our immortality, than as the inmost, central, and inseparable principle of our phenomenal life. It may be that by the light of such reflections the sense of identity will present no insuperable difficulty to the conception of its contingency, or to the recognition that the mere consciousness which

fails to attach itself to a higher principle is no guarantee of an eternal individuality.

It is only by a survey of individuality, regarded as the source of all our affections, thoughts, and actions, that we can realize its intrinsic worthlessness; and only when we have brought ourselves to a real and felt acknowledgement of that fact, can we accept with full understanding those "hard sayings" of sacred authority which bid us "die to ourselves," and which proclaim the necessity of a veritable new birth. This mystic death and birth is the key-note of all profound religious teaching; and that which distinguishes the ordinary religious mind from spiritual insight is just the tendency to interpret these expressions as merely figurative, or, indeed, to overlook them altogether....

To estimate the value of individuality, we cannot do better than regard man in his several mundane relations, supposing that either of these might become the central, actuating focus of his being — his "ruling love," as Swedenborg would call it — displacing his mere egoism, or self-love, thrusting that more to the circumference, and identifying him, so to speak, with that circle of interests to which all his energies and affections relate. Outside this substituted Ego we are to suppose that he has no conscience, no desire, no will. Just as the entirely selfish man views the whole of life, so far as it can really interest him solely in relation to his individual well-being, so our supposed man of a family, of a society, of a Church, or a State, has no eye for any truth or any interest more abstract or more individual than that of which he may be rightly termed the incarnation. History shows approximations to this ideal man. Such a one, for instance, I conceive to have been Loyola; such another, possibly, is Bismarck. Now these men have ceased to be individuals in their own eyes, so far as concerns any value attaching to their own special individualities. They are devotees. A certain "conversion" has been effected, by which from mere individuals they have become "representative" men. And we — the individuals — esteem them precisely in proportion to the remoteness from individualism of the spirit that actuates them. As the circle of interests to which they are "devoted" enlarges — that is to say, as the dross of individualism is purged away — we accord them indulgence, respect, admiration and love. From self to the family, from the family to the sect or society, from the sect or society to the Church (in no denominational sense) and State, there is the ascending scale and widening circle, the successive transitions which make the worth of an individual depend on the more or less complete subversion of his individuality by a more comprehensive soul or spirit. The very modesty which suppresses, as far as possible, the personal pronoun in our addresses to others, testifies to our sense that we are hiding away some

utterly insignificant and unworthy thing; a thing that has no business even to be, except in that utter privacy which is rather a sleep and a rest than living. Well, but in the above instances, even those most remote from sordid individuality, we have fallen far short of that ideal in which the very conception of the partial, the atomic, is lost in the abstraction of universal being, transfigured in the glory of a Divine personality. You are familiar with Swedenborg's distinction between discrete and continuous degrees. Hitherto we have seen how man — the individual — may rise continuously by throwing himself heart and soul into the living interests of the world, and lose his own limitations by adoption of a larger mundane spirit. But still he has but ascended nearer to his own mundane source, that soul of the world, or Prakriti, to which, if I must not too literally insist on it, I may still resort as a convenient figure. To transcend it, he must advance by the discrete degree. No simple "bettering" of the ordinary self, which leaves it alive, as the focus — the French word "foyer" is the more expressive — of his thoughts and actions; not even that identification with higher interests in the world's plane just spoken of, is, or can progressively become, in the least adequate to the realization of his Divine ideal. This "bettering" of our present nature, it alone being recognized as essential, albeit capable of "improvement," is a commonplace, and to use a now familiar term a "Philistine," conception. It is the substitution of the continuous for the discrete degree. It is a compromise with our dear old familiar selves. "And Saul and the people spared Agag, and the best of the sheep, and of the oxen, and of the fatlings, and the lambs, and all that was good, and would not utterly destroy them; but everything that was vile and refuse, that they destroyed utterly." We know how little acceptable that compromise was to the God of Israel; and no illustration can be more apt than this narrative, which we may well, as we would fain, believe to be rather typical than historical. Typical of that indiscriminate and radical sacrifice, or "vastation," of our lower nature, which is insisted upon as the one thing needful by all, or nearly all, the great religions of the world. No language could seem more purposely chosen to indicate that it is the individual nature itself, and not merely its accidental evils, that has to be abandoned and annihilated. It is not denied that what was spared was good; there is no suggestion of a universal infection of physical or moral evil; it is simply that what is good and useful relatively to a lower state of being must perish with it if the latter is to make way for something better. And the illustration is the more suitable in that the purpose of this paper is not ethical, but points to a metaphysical conclusion though without any attempt at metaphysical exposition. There is no question here of moral distinctions; they are neither denied nor affirmed. According to the high-

est moral standard, A may be a most virtuous and estimable person. According to the lowest, B may be exactly the reverse. The moral interval between the two is within what I have called, following Swedenborg, the "continuous degree." And perhaps the distinction can be still better expressed by another reference to that Book which we theosophical students do not less regard, because we are disposed to protest against all exclusive pretensions of religious systems. The good man who has, however, not yet attained his "sonship of God" is "under the law" — that moral law which is educational and preparatory, "the schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ," our own Divine spirit, or higher personality. To conceive the difference between these two states is to apprehend exactly what is here meant by the false, temporal, and the true, eternal personality, and the sense in which the word personality is here intended to be understood.... Now, being "under the law" implies that we do not act directly from our own will, but indirectly, that is, in willing obedience to another will. The will from which we should naturally act — our own will — is of course to be understood not as mere volition, but as our nature — our "ruling love," which makes such and such things agreeable to us, and others the reverse. As "under the law," this nature is kept in suspension, and because it is suspended only as to its activity and manifestation, and by no means abrogated, is the law — the substitution of a foreign will — necessary for us. Our own will or nature is still central; that which we obey by effort and resistance to ourselves is more circumferential or hypostatic. Constancy in this obedience and resistance tends to draw the circumferential will more and more to the centre, till there ensues that "explosion," as St. Martin called it, by which our natural will is forever dispersed and annihilated by contact with the divine, and the latter henceforth becomes our very own. Thus has "the schoolmaster" brought us unto "Christ," and if by "Christ" we understand no historically divine individual, but the logos, word, or manifestation of God *in us* — then we have, I believe, the essential truth that was taught in the *Vedanta*, by Kapila, by Buddha, by Confucius, by Plato, and by Jesus....

It is not a mere preference of nothingness, or unconscious absorption, to limitation that inspires the intense yearning of the Hindu mind for Nirvana. Even in the Upanishads there are many evidences of a contrary belief, while in the Sankhya the aphorisms of Kapila unmistakably vindicate the individuality of soul (spirit). Individual consciousness is maintained, perhaps infinitely intensified, but its "matter" is no longer personal. Only try to realize what "freedom from desire," the favourite phrase in which individualism is negated in these systems, implies! Even in that form of devotion which consists in action, the soul is warned in

the *Bhagavad-Gita* that it must be indifferent to results....

And just as in true sympathy, the partial suppression of individualism and of what is distinctive, we experience a superior delight and intensity of being, so it may be that in parting with all that shuts us up in the spiritual penthouse of an Ego — *all,* without exception or reserve — we may for the first time know what true life is, and what are its ineffable privileges....

Only let us not talk of this ideal of impersonal, universal being in individual consciousness as an unverified dream. Our sense and impatience of limitations are the guarantees that they are not final and insuperable. Whence is this power of standing outside myself, of recognizing the worthlessness of the pseudo-judgements, of the prejudices with their lurid colouring of passion, of the temporal interests, of the ephemeral appetites, of all the sensibilities of egoism, to which I nevertheless surrender myself, so that they indeed seem myself? Through and above this troubled atmosphere I see a being, pure, passionless, rightly measuring the proportions and relations of things, for whom there is, properly speaking, no present, with its phantasms, falsities, and half-truths: who has nothing personal in the sense of being opposed to the whole of related personalities: who sees the truth rather than struggles logically towards it, and truth of which I can at present form no conception; whose activities are unimpeded by intellectual doubt, unperverted by moral depravity, and who is indifferent to results, because he has not to guide his conduct by calculation of them, or by any estimate of their value. I look up to him with awe, because in being passionless he sometimes seems to me to be without love. Yet I know that this is not so; only that his love is diffused by its range, and elevated in abstraction beyond my gaze and comprehension. And I see in this being my ideal, my higher, my only true, in a word, my immortal self.

C. C. MASSEY

The world was more in me than I in it.
The King of Glory in my soul did sit.
And to Himself in me he always gave
All that he takes delight to see me have.
For so my spirit was an endless sphere,
Like God himself, and heaven and earth was there.

—THOMAS TRAHERNE

BARBARA LONGBRAKE

"The Drums of Nothingness Surrender": A Finale

[In our January 1966 issue we had the pleasure of publishing the first chapter of Barbara Longbrake's forthcoming book, provisionally titled *This Strong Mercy*. This is the admirable concluding chapter of the same book. —ED.]

> The Drums of Nothingness surrender to
> The fifes of light.
>
> —SAINT-JOHN PERSE

THE ONLY JUSTIFICATION for such a record as this, with its persistent effort to reach behind those decent reticences which are part of the social contract, is that the personal may serve as illustration to humankind's effort after widening consciousness. The urgency of this emerging phase of our evolution has become for me the dominant reality, whether it be seen in terms mystic or scientific. (That the two modes of knowing are becoming less divergent grows daily clearer; for instance, note Sinnott's insistence that to omit *purpose* from biology is to omit biology itself.)

My own explorations of this emerging consciousness are necessarily, by virtue of my life's shaping, nearer to the scientific than to the mystic, though in both realms I move with the groping curiosity of the amateur rather than the certitude of the expert. Yet this lack of expertise seems to me to offer much the same justification that amused and reassured me in my work in soil conservation years ago: my ignorance is not the least of my assets, for it forces me, unrelentingly, to shape my own individual and experimental forms of response, rather than use those sanctioned by the authorized canon.

I am sometimes amused, sometimes dismayed, when I recognize some moment of insight, of experiential knowing, as echoing some anciently accepted formulation of Sufism or Vedanta, of Tibetan or Christian mysticism. If all this has been known and enunciated so long ago, what arrogance sets me trying to rediscover truth in my own terms? Yet none of these recognitions has absolved me from that continuing search. For we are, willy-nilly, on the spiral of duration, and I, this human entity here labelled Barbara Longbrake, am neither the "same" as I was in 1914 nor the "same" as any of those human entities who thrilled to Truth enunciated in Galilee or under the Bodhi Tree. If truth is to live in me, and I am to live in the freedom that only the consciousness of truth can open, it must be my own truth, however more costly the search for that truth than the acceptance of a tradition. The hope of encouraging others in their own search is the reason for writing this book.

> We are certainly not exaggerating the importance of our contemporary existences in estimating that, pivoted upon them, a turn of profound importance is taking place in the world [de Chardin writes]. . . . Life is taking a step, and a decisive step, in us and in our environment. . . . *We have become conscious of the movement that is carrying us along,* and have thereby realized the formidable problems set by this reflective exercise of the human effort.[1]

The rest of de Chardin's argument is his own. Indeed, I feel it necessary to dissociate myself from his ardent embrace of the West and Christianity as the primary bringers-to-form of that emerging Newness which he foresees. To me it is strange and disheartening to see a man of such wide-ranging sympathies set aside all save one form of the universal human search for conscious experience of the eternally renewed Ongoingness. Yet even de Chardin is aware that "no evolutionary future awaits man except in association with other men."[2] This book of mine is an act of that association, not merely with those seminal thinkers who have taught me so much but even more profoundly with those countless groping individuals who, like myself, have little to offer the association beyond our individual honesty and hunger for meaning.

It has also been an act of discovery.

What is this Separateness that has withheld me in every approach to union, whether emotional, sexual, intellectual, or spiritual, no matter how passionately I may have longed to be united with an Other? "Something that cannot be surrendered even to Allah," Raihana said. "Why?" And I, painfully, "I hope this isn't blasphemy, but I feel in me some fragile core that, no matter what, I must keep inviolate . . . a Newness that has been given me to be preserved, the Thing in me that has to be responsible, for itself and for the ongoing of the worlds. I know how tiny it is — less than a match-flame in the fires of the sun, but it is mine, and my ultimate responsibility, no matter what it costs my ego. Even against what I've known as God, I have to defend it."

Here, at last, I glimpse the true impiety from which I and my society have to be delivered — the blasphemy of supposing God to be all Power, complete and absolute, and unredeemed by Love . . . a perpetually wrathful Power to be propitiated only by the abject crawling of worms He made for the sole purpose of praising and glorifying Himself . . . a monstrous Ego rampant in the universe. No wonder we have to rebel — in family, in job, in every social complexity where Authority exacts its tribute. How could any but worms do less?

This blasphemy permeates the Western consciousness. (No wonder

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[1] DE CHARDIN: *The Phenomenon of Man*, 212-14, *passim*; italics mine.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 246

Russia has rejected "religion"!) We have projected on to our image of God our own monstrous ego, our pride of "intellect," of "control of nature" — *hubris,* the Greeks called it — degrading even the Divine Child into a sentimental mannikin that we deck with baubles at Christmas time. Shame rises with the recognition.

Yet with the shame comes hard-learned forgiveness. For man, West or East, is infinitely greater than he dreams. In his basic nature he is part of the divine Process, seeking to realize his potentialities; to limit himself to the disciplines merely of mind, sensation, and desire, to the exigencies of the flesh-and-blood entity he most familiarly knows as himself, is to betray that Self which is the source of Meaning. Oddly, we of the West accept the presence of "good" in the universe, and in the generality of humankind (how else should our technology produce so much for our comfort?), but we fear to trust it in our inmost selves. How should a worm know goodness?

But when, by life's great mercy, we catch some sufficient fragrance of Goodness, the act which mystics have called self-naughting, or surrender, becomes to our amazement an Embrace which gives us all our lonely selves have despaired of knowing! Here is no stripping or denuding, no loss, but a realization of ourselves more complete than we knew how to desire. It comes as the showers of April come to the jonquil, flooding it out of its hard brown littleness into the blossoming fullness of its own nature, the divinity of its destiny.

So many words have been said about this fact, and all of them together can barely hint at its substance. We have not yet devised a system of symbols, in any language, so structured as to correspond to the Structure of this Reality wherein myself becomes one with the Self that is All. "Whatever you say it is, it is not." For Reality is Process, on whatever level we perceive it. If this bit of board across my lap, on which all my writing has been done these twenty-odd years, is a *process,* and the universes themselves are in process of expansion, how shall we refuse to recognize the changing, undefinable nature of that ongoing Process which is commonly labelled "God"? Not a fixed and changeless entity, but an evolving Reality in which we little persons have our necessary part to play whether we know it or not. It is, oh, utterly, beyond the grasp of our present consciousness, but in partial glimpses I have been given to know Its power stirring and shaping my Self to something like Its own Ongoingness. Because I am a person, my consciousness tends to translate these incursions in terms of Person, though little by little I seem to be learning to sense something of that Otherness which is my Self beyond all that now I am able to perceive.

As Raihana and I have sat together with this fact, this year of my

return to India, we have known ourselves in the secret place of the Most High. We have laughed together with Sufi delight in that Winehouse of which Allah is the Proprietor and Huzoor the Cupbearer, and we knew ourselves One with Both, and with all that has being. We have remembered the saying of the Buddha: "All our tendencies of character are the offspring of consciousness, dominated by consciousness, and made up of consciousness. If a man speaks or acts with an unsullied consciousness, then happiness follows him ever, just as his shadow." And in this widening consciousness we understand a little more of what Jesus meant when He said, "I came that you might have life more abundant."

As I look at the story I have written I sense anew the meaning of *Māyā*. For this is only one version that could be made of the life recorded here. How different would be my mother's account, or my sister's, or that of any of my friends and lovers! Even I could write a very different version — though one more conventional could scarcely have taught me as much as I have here been forced to learn of Eliot's meanings:

> This is the use of memory:
> For liberation — not less of love, but expanding
> Of love beyond desire, and so liberation
> From the future as well as the past.

Liberation, but not indifference. As I near the time for returning home, one question becomes insistent: What special meanings can be found in the American experience that have relevance to the growth of human consciousness? I have learned immeasurably from India, but that very learning makes me know myself more deeply American than ever before. So I look to see what particular contribution we of America can make to the evolution of consciousness that is inevitably happening in the world of which we are part. Despite the current academic disinclination to regard the frontier experience as a major element in determining America's present character, I remain convinced that it is impossible to understand that character without reference to the frontier. A handful of frontier-generated qualities seem to me to have a direct bearing on our part in the next stages of the evolution of the world's consciousness.

First, we have a do-it-yourself commitment. This was a matter of simple survival on the frontier; it is a million-dollar business today. We make over our dwelling places, in suburbia or in New York lofts, with our own hands more often than with hired craftsmen. I suspect that the welter of our diverse attempts at expanding consciousness owes quite a lot to this do-it-yourself approach. Witness the beatniks, and the variety of home-grown "religious" or "mystic" cults, even the experiments in psychadelic drugs. We tend to make our own arrangements, whether of daily convenience or of what we take for ultimate truth. This, I believe,

is the way we must move towards the Newness that we seek.

Then, America has drawn upon all parts of the world for its population. Even Valleyville, which has never had as many as two thousand people living there, borrowed from sixteen different nationalities in its frontier days; all of them were "good Americans" by the second generation. In our current fumblings after widened consciousness I seem to observe a sense of need to borrow from diverse regions of the human spirit for help in populating the empty places within ourselves; in time we will make those borrowings our own. That we are drawing most heavily on those geographic regions called Oriental, which we managed largely to exclude from our physical immigration, carries more than a little suggestive irony. The world is one, and its unity is no longer to be denied, as even traditionally "isolationist" Americans are beginning to know.

And we have been a mobile people: "Americans are always moving on." We moved on the frontier and we are still moving: the 1960 census showed that a strikingly small proportion of America's families had lived in their current communities for more than five years. You cannot be too dependent on a fixed or traditional patterning of life if you are to survive that kind of mobility, as I was forced to learn, much as I resented it, in my girlhood. We need not wonder if Americans move around a good deal in their search for widening consciousness; a willingness to shift ground, to try to work out ways of living in a variety of "psychological" locations, has its rewards as well as hazards.

And finally, the American frontier, long before the great Declaration was written, rejected the hierarchic principle for organizing human life. It is hard for a landowner to establish feudal authority when his bound servants can have their own land for the clearing, a day's march westward. Despite our failures in applying the principle that all men are created equal, the principle has been enunciated, and that Word has become so much a part of the American flesh that it is not to be denied. The evolutionary thrust, if I read biologists aright, likewise rejects the hierarchic principle: Wherever an individual or a phylum stands open to the fret of new possibilities, there new organs, new capacities begin to be shaped. Some of the most audacious "physical" Newnesses have emerged among the small and defenceless. I suspect that new forms of consciousness are emerging among the "unimportant."

We Americans have put our chief reliance on what our senses and our rational minds perceive, and what our hands, our bone and muscle, can create. Yet the civilization we have created has allowed the freedom of growth, the liberation of hope, to an astonishing proportion of our people. Considering these things, I have dared to question the long tradition that ultimate Truth is revealed only to those who deny the significance of

flesh-and-blood. The difficulty of what we call life-in-the-spirit seems to me to rise from the very dichotomy that has set "spirit" and "flesh" in opposition to one another. I find a crucial rubric in the fact that my own first encounter with the Abyss, when I was not yet nine, was redeemed when the fragrance of lilies of the valley folded its protection between me and Nothingness. How can we deny the saving sanity of those dear senses that are our gateways to life? That they can be perverted none can doubt. But to deny them is to deny life itself. The way of redemption lies in becoming truly and lovingly conscious of our senses as one manifestation of that Process which is our being.

Praise be to Allah! He is the Grateful One, grateful to every being that shows loving-kindness to any creature, *even to himself*. Thus Raihana interprets the *Qur'ān-i-Sharif* for me.

The drums of Nothingness beat loudly in our land, and in other lands, even in India. But the fifes of light are also astir, if we will but open our consciousness to them. I have come to see that it is in mercy, in compassion, in loving-kindness, whether we call it Allah's, or Christ's, or our own, that we can redeem ourselves. Not otherwise. And love is an act of will, not merely of feeling. Only when I grew able to deal in compassion with the Tormentor within myself did he become the shining Companion, faithful beyond all fear of desertion or death, in that Great Dream of a home created in the midst of sunburned plains.

Little by little this learning of mercy is thinning the integument, though as yet only in spots. (I have learned a deep mistrust of those ecstatic "revelations" that assail me with the flame and fervour of the ineffable. Jung calls this the *mana*-invasion, when the ego appropriates from the unconscious some shreds of power that are not properly its own. My journal of recent years has been embarrassingly full of these *mana*-predictions, though happily I have managed to keep most of them between myself and my journal. I have had to learn to be merciful even to these follies of my groping self.) But more and more often I begin to experience a quiet knowing-beyond in which I discover a "thought" is simply There, within me seemingly without my intention or purpose. When the responses of the environment and my own efforts flow together with unspectacular sureness, and I feel the ease with which the "thought" realizes itself in living, then I know that the integument has become not merely barrier and protection but instrument-of-communication with That which is greater than I — at least greater than the "I" whose doings form the substance of this story.

What growth that "I" may know, as it learns to move more surely within the embrace of the Self, I do not know. Nor do I greatly care. I have no final answers to proclaim. I have only the blessed sense of moving

within a great Process which is somehow my Self.

I do not yet "understand" these things. I only experience them.

BARBARA LONGBRAKE

To Work Is to Pray

To work is to pray.
To work with the whole body and mind and soul is to live abundantly and eternally.
The great Spirit touches the dust and life emerges.
That Life struggles through
From dust to green trees and white lilies,
From the grass of the fields to the birds of the air,
From the simple animal to the minded men,
From thinking men to spirited children of God:
Seer, Prophet, Pioneer: out on Life's frontiers!

This is Life — Life creative:
To struggle with the soul and feed the hungry,
To ruminate on the problems of life and satisfy the mind,
To wrestle with the Spirit and grow a Soul,
To live co-operatively and be whole.

Weak is the man who labours while the mind sleeps.
Dangerous is the thinker whose feet have left the soil.
Tragic is the life that comprehends not its Maker.

Creative is the worker with mind alert.
Profound is the thinker wrestling with life.
Blessed is the child of God who touches life deeply.

Gramdan Sarvodaya is the total welfare of the whole man, the whole society, even unto the last!

It is the healthy body working daily with potential soil,
It is the alerted mind always learning from immanent life,
It is the creative spirit in constant touch with Nature,
Man and the Spirit sublime:
In vital, thoughtful communication,
Living abundantly on needy human frontiers.

Such complete, dedicated labour is man at prayer, at worship —
In awe and reverence before potential life —
In creative dialogue with all of life and Life.
Such labour is to pray!

RALPH RICHARD KEITHAHN

DOOJEN NAPAL

"A Little India Beyond the Seas"

[We are glad to welcome to our pages Shri Doojen Napal, M.A. (London), working at present in the Research Section, Psychology Department, University College, Cardiff, South Wales. Born in Mauritius in 1926, Shri Napal has had a diverse career as research scholar, teacher, publicist, and politician. Before his present research project on social problems in Cardiff, he studied specially the constitutional developments in Mauritius, for which he obtained his degrees in History at London. He was teacher and Founder-Principal of a secondary school in Mauritius, and had taught earlier at the Royal College of Mauritius. During 1953-8 he contributed to *Mauritius Times* a feature on Glimpses of Mauritian History. Later he published in French *Les Constitutions de L'Ile Maurice*. He has also published works on Tagore and Vivekananda, and a study of Manilall M. Doctor, the pioneer of Indo-Mauritian emancipation. In 1959 he was elected Member of the Mauritius Legislative Council. He gave up politics when he went to Britain in April 1965.

His general introduction to the development of Mauritius will surely bring new information to many of our readers.—ED.]

IT WAS Gopal Krishna Gokhale, one of the early leaders of the Indian National Congress, who gave this apt and romantic appellation to Mauritius, the tiny island, barely 716 square miles in area, situated in the middle of the Indian Ocean, some five hundred miles from the east coast of Madagascar. At the time that he made this statement, already more than fifty per cent of the population of Mauritius were either Indian immigrants or their descendants. Today nearly three quarters of the Mauritian population are of Indian origin.

Mauritius is also called "sugar-bowl island," as sugar constitutes almost the total of her exports. Her dependence on sugar crops, often at the mercy of tropical cyclones, is absolute.

The nineteenth-century French historian and statesman, Augustin Thiers, spoke eulogistically of Mauritius as the Athens of the Indian Ocean. In fact she has produced and continues to produce writers and artists who have been foremost among those who have upheld French culture, language, and literature overseas. The editor of one of the most popular dailies of Mauritius almost won the most coveted French literary prize, Le Prix Goncourt, for his novel *Un Temps pour Mourir*.[1] Robert Edward Hart, acknowledged prince among poets of the Indian Ocean, past and present, could count among his friends and admirers writers of such international stature as Henri de Regnier and Joseph Bédier. Many

[1] ANDRE MASSON: *Un temps Pour Mourir* (Calmann-Lévy. 1962)

are the Mauritian writers whose works have been published by reputable French firms.

When the French took possession of Mauritius in 1721 after two unsuccessful colonizing attempts by the Dutch in the seventeenth century, Mauritius was inhabited by birds, deer, bears, and some slaves left behind by the retreating Dutch. The French succeeded in their endeavours where the Dutch had failed. They achieved this success by making extensive and often exploitative use of slaves torn from their homes in Madagascar and the east coast of Africa. The story of slavery in Mauritius as in other colonies is a harrowing tale of cruelty and barbarism, the masters having the power of life and death over their miserable human chattels.

In the eighteenth century, in the wars between England and France for supremacy in India, Mauritius was, as a naval base, of no mean importance. During the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, left much to her own resources, she came to be the springboard of pirates who, ostensibly encouraged by the local government, launched attacks on the rich Indiamen ploughing their way from India to Europe. The depredations caused to British merchant shipping were enormous. For instance, on 12 February 1808 merchants, agents, and shipowners of Calcutta petitioned the Lords of the Admiralty for protection against the pirates. They attached a table to their petition showing that in the months of September and October 1807 they had lost twenty ships.[2]

The British came to consider that the only way to break French influence in the Indian Ocean was to capture this *nid de corsairs*. They made themselves masters of the island much more easily than they had imagined. Napoleon was too much enmeshed in the web of empire he had built around him to be able to afford enough leisure and resources for the defence of this so distant outpost. Moreover, one of the tragic aspects of Napoleonic policy was to underrate the importance of sea power. It has been argued by historians that if Napoleon had given serious thought to the French Indian Empire instead of doggedly attempting to invade England the course of history might well have changed.

After an unopposed landing and a few insignificant skirmishes, the British could hoist the Union Jack on Government House. One of the first things they did was to change the name of the island from L'Ile de France to Mauritius, the name she had borne during the period of Dutch occupation.

The inhabitants reconciled themselves to British rule with good grace. This was due partly to the good-natured temperament of the first British Governor, Robert Townshend Farquhar, who was anxious to make the

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[2] Letter from Wellesley to Castlereagh, 25 July 1808. Quoted in H. PRENTOUTT: *L'Ile de France Sous Decaen* (Hachette, Paris. 1901), p. 151

most of the liberal British policy with regard to Mauritius. Britain could afford this liberalism; for she had achieved her main objective — to oust France from all influence on the Indian subcontinent. Trafalgar and Waterloo shattered for good France's dreams of becoming a first-rate imperial power. Neither France nor, for that matter, any other colonial power would dare for more than a century to contest British naval supremacy. Consequently, the importance of Mauritius as a naval and military base sank into insignificance. During her period of military splendour, Mauritius was largely a commercial centre, serving as a warehouse for military and naval purposes as well as for the numerous captures of the pirates. The riches of the pirates attracted ships of all nations, and particularly Dutch and American, who found it more profitable to buy in Mauritius what they would have otherwise got only after a risky voyage to India.[3]

Under British rule Mauritius rapidly switched over from commerce to agriculture. The descendants of the French colonists continued with renewed zeal to develop the colony. It is curious to note that British people never showed any interest in settling down in the island. The British officials, their years of service completed, were delighted to return to their country. As a result Mauritius has nothing today to distinguish her as a British colony. The evolution of Mauritius as an agricultural country, one of the most notable producers of sugar, was rapid. This evolution is inextricably interwoven with Indian immigration. Already Labourdonnais, the father of L'Ile de France, had introduced Indians from Pondicherry to help him in the harbour works in his new capital, Port-Louis.[4] Farquhar also had recourse to Indian man-power for the repair and building of roads. It is interesting to note that the illustrious Charles Darwin spent a fortnight in Mauritius and could observe the convicts. He has left an impressive picture of these Indians:

> Before seeing these people, I had no idea that the inhabitants of India were such noble-looking figures. Their skin is extremely dark, and many of the older men had large moustaches and beards of a snow-white colour; this together with the fire of their expression, gave them quite an imposing aspect.... These men are generally quiet and well conducted; from their outward conduct, their cleanliness, and faithful observance of their strange religious rites, it was impossible to look at them with the same eyes as our own wretched convicts in New South Wales.[5]

Indian immigration to Mauritius became a matter of utmost necessity after the abolition of slavery in all British colonies in 1834. The eman-

[3] AUGUSTE TOUSSAINT : *Histoire de l'Océan Indien* (Presses Universitaires de France)

[4] D. NAPAL : *Les Indiens à L'Ile de France* ((Editions Nationales, Port Louis. 1965)

[5] CHARLES DARWIN ; *Journal of Researches.* (John Murray, London. 1845), p. 484

cipated slaves refused to work on the sugar plantations, which cruelly reminded them of their days of servile toil. The planters looked to India, and India came to the rescue. Indians began to pour into the island in a steady stream. Some came fired with a spirit of adventure, but most of them were lured by the prospects of a gold rush. They were made to think in such terms by touts in the employ of the Franco-Mauritian planters. The recruiting agents of the planters painted a rosy picture of an island flowing with milk and honey, where they would soon make themselves rich.

The planters exploited to the utmost the supply of labour from India. By nature hard-working, the Indian labourers applied themselves heart and soul to the cane plantations, which received a fresh impetus. The Rev. Patrick Beaton, writing in the middle of the nineteenth century, spoke in terms of eulogy of these Indians. He could observe them at leisure, as he spent quite a number of years in Mauritius as a missionary. He said:

> These swarthy Orientals, so thinly clad, are the muscles and sinews of the Mauritius body politic. They are the secret source of all the wealth, luxury, and splendour with which the island abounds. There is not a carriage that rolls along the well-macadamized Chaussée, or a robe of silk worn by the fair Mauritian, to the purchase of which the Indian has not indirectly contributed. It is from the labour of his swarthy body in the cane-fields that gold is extracted more plentifully than from the diggings of Ballarat. Respect that swarthy stranger, for without him Mauritius would soon be stripped of its wealth, and left with scarcely sufficient exports to procure food for its rice-eating, cigar-smoking inhabitants.[6]

Unfortunately the traditions of slavery were slow to die. The planters paid scant recognition to the value of the Indian workers. They treated them no better than the *ci-devant* slaves. The indentured labourer, on embarking for Mauritius, knew little or nothing of the nature of the contract into which he had entered with his prospective employer. He did not know that if he absented himself from work for a day, even because of illness or inclemency of weather or for personal, family, or circumstantial reasons, he would forfeit two days' wages. He did not know that for a trifling offence he would be clapped into gaol and that there would be no voice raised on his behalf.

In their desperate circumstances, when the tyranny of the labour laws oppressed, and the police were anything but just and considerate towards them, and the magistrates were themselves planters or intimately connected with the planters, the Indians found a champion of their cause in a German, De Plevitz, who had been for years in the island. De Plevitz

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[6] PATRICK BEATON: *Creoles and Coolies.* (James Nisbet and Co., London. 1858)

showed a genuine interest in the fate of the Indians. He drafted a petition on their behalf which he sent to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The agitation of this philanthropist resulted in the appointment of a Royal Commission, which disclosed many of the dreadful horrors in the relations between employer and indentured labourer. The Royal Commission made recommendations for the welfare of the Indians, but matters did not change much, as it was one thing to make recommendations and quite another to implement them in a colony where the Governors so easily succumbed to the blandishments of the rich planters.

In 1901, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (later Mahatma Gandhi), on his way to Bombay from Natal, where he had launched his movement for the emancipation of the Indians, spent a fortnight in Mauritius. Reports of Gandhi as a barrister and a militant social worker had preceded him to the island, and naturally the Indians *fêted* him as a prince. He addressed them on different occasions, insisting on the fact that it was to their advantage to learn English and French, for this would enable them to integrate themselves into the life of the Mauritian community. He considered that Indians in Mauritius "were entitled to all the rights and privileges of British subjects all over the world, especially as they were the principal labourers in the country, which owed its prosperity to their patient labour and great endurance."

Back in India, Gandhi prevailed upon a co-member of the Friends of India Society to come to Mauritius to set up in practice as a barrister and work for the uplift of his fellow countrymen in much the same way as he had been doing so valiantly in South Africa.[7] Manilall M. Doctor did so as expected. He regenerated the Indians and made them feel that they were not merely hewers of wood and drawers of water. He founded a weekly which he called *The Hindustani,* which at first appeared in English and Gujarati, later switching to Hindustani as the second language. The Indians could follow political and social events in the home country and acquire a consciousness of their own role. Manilall deponed before the Royal Commission of 1909. The abolition of obnoxious labour laws such as the double cut; the recognition of the religions of the immigrants with a view to having them subsidized by the state in much the same way as Catholicism and Protestantism; and the education of the immigrant children on right lines were some of the things for which he pleaded. Manilall awakened the Indians to some sort of political consciousness. He organized them in favour of the *Action Liberale* which opposed the conservatives. Soon after, the Indians were presenting their own candidates for election, at first with little success, because of the barriers laid down

[7] D. NAPAL : *Manilall M. Doctor : Pioneer of Indo-Mauritian Emancipation.* (Neo Press Service, Mauritius. 1965)

by the literacy and franchise tests. However, they succeeded in having two Indians elected in 1926, to the great consternation of the non-Indians, who felt in that event a future danger of being swamped by the Indians. But, of course, they could not stop the wheels of history from moving. In 1936, when the Labour Party was founded, it relied for support mainly on the Indian masses. Britain had to think seriously of bringing about changes in the political constitution, but World War II retarded all progress in that sphere. After the war, revision came, and in the first elections under the new constitution held in 1948, 13 out of the 19 seats were won by Indian candidates. A revolution had taken place which culminated in power gradually falling into the hands of Sir Seewoosagar Ramgoolam and his cabinet, composed mostly of Indian ministers.

The country is heading towards sovereign status, which it is hoped will be achieved after the elections which are due in 1966. The people of Mauritius are looking forward to this event with a mixture of joy and anxiety, as they are conscious of the uncertainties which the future has in store for them. They hope that the government will find solutions to the economic problems of the country, which are the more pressing because of a terrific demographic rise. Imagine eight hundred thousand people crammed within 716 square miles, especially in an agricultural country. The problem is made more acute by the presence of strong minority groups who are too often in disagreement with the policies of those leaders who have sprung up from the Indo-Mauritian masses.

Gradually, as the non-Indians came to understand the Indians, their *élite* — and it may be underlined that there is a really strong *élite* of French culture, with Mauritian authors published by reputable publishing houses in Paris — began to appreciate the rich culture of which the coolies and their descendants were the heirs. Their literature, of course, was greatly influenced by Hinduism, the religion of the Indo-Mauritian masses. It would be interesting to analyse this aspect of Mauritian literature.

D. NAPAL

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Belovèd over all.

—RUDYARD KIPLING

K. V. SURYANARAYANA MURTI

Tagore's "Chitra": A Grammatical Clue to Character

[We have pleasure in welcoming to our pages Shri K. V. Suryanarayana Murti, M.A., Research Scholar in the English Department of Andhra University. Shri Suryanarayana Murti has done research in Linguistics, especially on "Linguistic Evaluation of Style." He has contributed some poems and stories and a number of thoughtful critical articles to various periodicals. His interests extend also to Telugu literature and he has occasionally written in Telugu.

In this interesting article he examines closely what might appear to be a small detail — the fluctuation between the singular, the honorific plural, and the personal possessive uses of pronouns in various characters' speaking to one another in Rabindranath Tagore's play *Chitra*. On this observation he bases an interesting argument about the fluctuations in attitude that are represented by these fluctuations in pronouns; and shows how such an analysis can contribute to an understanding of the development of the theme.—ED.]

RECENT RESEARCHES have proved that Tagore bears and exhibits, at least in his own English translations, the influence of eminent English writers and forerunners — like Shakespeare and Milton, Sir Thomas Browne and Pope, the great English Romantics, the Victorians, and Whitman[1] — apart from that of the great Indian Sanskrit writers. Intensive explorations have also revealed the main qualities of the overtones conveyed by the pronouns *thou* and *you* in Shakespeare's time.[2] During those times both the forms appear to have been in vogue with a nuance of semantic difference — *thou*, a pronoun of solidarity, friendship, and equality; and *you*, a plural form of respect employed in the singular sense.[3] Shakespeare has employed both the forms with "precise implications in particular scenes or in particular relationships between characters." Leaving to individuals the choice of believing whether Tagore reveals the influence of Shakespeare, an attempt is made here to expose a somewhat similar type of treatment found as regards the usage of *thou* and *you* forms[4] in direct appeal in his famous play, *Chitra*.

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[1] SRINIVASA IYENGAR, K. R.: *Indian Writing in English* (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 1962), p. 85, and *Rabindranath Tagore* (Popular Prakashan, Mysore. 1965), p. 4.

[2] ABBOT, E.A.; *Shakespearean Grammar* (2nd ed., 1870), 232ff., and FRANZ, W.: *Shakespeare Grammatik* (Heidelberg. 1924), 289ff.

[3] MCINTOSH, ANGUS: "'As You Like It': A Grammatical Clue to Character," *A Review of English Literature* (April 1963), Vol. IV, No. 2, pp. 68–81.

[4] "*Thou* forms" implies all the related forms (*thou, thee, thy, thine, thyself*) and "*you* forms" means all the related forms (*you, your, yours, yourself*). For convenience "singular mode" is sometimes used to denote the former and "plural mode" the latter.

The pronoun employed by a particular speaker is apt to vary in many circumstances from one moment to the next despite the speaker's addressing the same person all along. Such a variation from the normal pronoun is usually "an expression of transient attitude." Also, the effects conveyed by the selection of a pronoun as against another need not always have the same implications. The variations warrant intensive scrutiny, instance by instance, to find out the hitherto unknown nuance implied in every shift from the use of the normal mode. And the explanation offered of any particular shift violating the normal mode of address is for the most part conceived in close relation to the textual and extra-textual contexts of the passage.

Tagore's *Chitra* is nicely punctuated into nine well-balanced Scenes: four Scenes are dedicated to portraying the atmosphere of Chitra's meetings with the gods (Madana, the god of Love, and Vasanta, the god of Seasons); alternating with each one of these four Scenes in the development of the theme there are four Scenes to convey the other atmosphere, in which we see the hero, Arjuna, and the heroine, Chitra, together; and the Final Scene is the catastrophe, the climax. For clarity of argument the two types of environment are dealt with separately.

Even in Scene I, we observe that a particular atmosphere of relationship is being clearly built up by Tagore between the gods and Chitra where they are together. Apparently the gods and Chitra use the singular mode, *thou,* in addressing one another. The gods' use of *thou* adumbrates their feeling of superiority and friendly relation with Chitra in their willingness to transform the mannish and heroic Princess Chitra into sacred motherhood. Having been born as a result of Lord Shiva's boon and being a Princess, she perhaps thinks herself equal to the gods; and so her *thou* indicates her friendly attitude to the gods while she seeks their friendly help to win Arjuna's love. In Scene I, Chitra (with only one exception on her part) uses the singular mode fourteen times and the gods thirteen times. In Scene III, the gods (excepting thrice in one sentence on the part of the god of Love) employ the singular mode six times and Chitra twice. Scene V is not of much importance to us as we see only the two gods together; even here they employ the singular mode five times in addressing each other. Again in Scene VII, the gods — with only one exception on the part of the god of Seasons — use the singular mode five times, and Chitra uses none. Involvement Table I gives the particulars of the singular and the plural modes employed by the gods and Chitra.

INVOLVEMENT TABLE I

		SC. I	SC. III	SC. V	SC. VII
The gods	singular	13	6	5	5
	plural	...	3	...	1
Chitra	singular	14	2	...	...
	plural	1	...	...	...

The occasional shift from the singular mode to the plural one apart, the uniform use of *thou* by Chitra and the gods points to the total absence of uneasiness in their friendly relationship. That is what we may call their "normal *rapport*," which will be dislocated if something happens to disturb the normality. It may not always be possible to project forth a satisfactory explanation for the deviation from the "postulated norm," but it could often be done by an intensive scrutiny based on the postulated conventions of their normal *rapport*. Yet failure to decipher a deviation does not amount to denial.

In Scene 1, for instance, Chitra says to the god of Love:

> Only vaguely can I remember what things I said, and what answer I got. Do not ask me to tell *you* all. Shame fell on me like a thunderbolt, yet could not break me to pieces, so utterly hard, so like a man am I. His last words as I walked home pricked my ears like red-hot needles. "I have taken the vow of celibacy. I am not fit to be thy husband!" Oh, the vow of a man! Surely *thou* knowest, *thou* god of love, that unnumbered saints and sages have surrendered the merits of their life-long penance at the feet of a woman.[5]

Though her normal mode of addressing the gods is the singular one, we find here a sudden shift to the plural mode, *you*. Chitra gives a retrospective narration to the gods of what had happened when in her male attire she had come across Arjuna in the forest. She had fallen in love with him. But she does not reveal it. She continues that the next morning she, clad in woman's attire, had hastened and found him in the forest temple of Shiva. She conceals and does not give vent to her inner impulses, the pangs of her love for Arjuna, perhaps because of sheer shyness. But, when the god of Love indicates that he knows her inner impulses — which she had not perhaps realized — momentarily her normal attitude towards him is dislocated. A sense of the god's mysterious power to know her inner impulses and a consequent shyness flash suddenly into her mind; and instantaneously the plural mode of esteem, *you*, slips from her mouth in a touch of reverence for the gods. As the transient attitude recedes into normalcy, a quick reversion to

[5] TAGORE, RABINDRANATH: *Chitra* (Macmillan and Co., London. 1961), Indian ed., p. 7

her regular friendly singular mode, *thou,* takes place.

In Scene VII, there is an occurrence of the plural mode employed by the god of Seasons:

> The loveliness of *your* body will return to-morrow to the inexhaustible stores of the spring. The ruddy tint of *thy* lips freed from the memory of Arjuna's kisses, will bud anew as a pair of fresh *asoka* leaves, and the soft, white glow of *thy* skin will be born again in a hundred fragrant jasmine flowers.[6]

No very cogent explanation appears possible to explain the shift. Possibly the explanation may be this. In Scene V, we are informed of the expiry of Vasanta's term by the next day, the day on which Chitra's beauty ceases. Scene VII opens with the god of Love telling Chitra: "To-night is *thy* last night." That statement seems to have drawn Vasanta's mind to the cessation of his term and his coming disappearance from the picture, while Chitra would remain under the friendly care of Madana in her struggle to make Arjuna realize "the abiding fruitful truth" in her. Resultantly, an instantaneous sense of high esteem towards her appears to have flashed over Vasanta's mind, as a token of which the plural mode finds place in his speech immediately following that of Madana. But then there is the quick return to his usual singular mode as he continues pronouncing the end of her beauty with that night.

In Scene I, Chitra is in an excited mood of love for Arjuna. She elaborately narrates her state and makes a friendly request to the gods to grant her ineffable beauty to conquer Arjuna's love; and the gods are seen in an eagerly enquiring mood. In Scene III, she argues with the gods to take their boon back, and the gods teach her to be patient. And in Scene VII, we find Chitra to be a complete subordinate in the hands of the gods, only striving for a permanent place in Arjuna's heart. Hence there is immense significance in her addressing the gods as "O gods," submitting her final request to make beauty flash brightest in her on that last night. So, as we pass from Scene I to Scene VII, we find — as evident from Involvement Table I — a gradual toning down to nil in the frequency of her normal singular mode of equality.

In the other five Scenes — Scenes II, IV, VI, VIII, and IX — we find Chitra and Arjuna together. Here the atmosphere of their relation is entirely different: it is one of a man and a woman in love, under the illusion of physical attraction. To Chitra, Arjuna is a great hero, worthy to be loved and possessed; to Arjuna Chitra — in her borrowed cover of

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[6] *Ibid.*, p. 41

beauty — is beauty and charm personified, worthy to be worshipped, possessed, and enjoyed. Each, in the frenzy of mutual attraction, thinks the other is superior, worthy to be respected. That is their normal *rapport* till towards the end of the Final Scene. So they employ the plural pronoun of respect, *you,* as their normal mode of address. Indeed, it is a case of Chitra struggling to impress upon Arjuna, and the melting away of his infatuation into an understanding of, "the abiding fruitful truth" in her; in case of threat to their relation becoming permanent, they can resort to simple appeals but not to mutual reproaches. So, we do not find the singular mode employed by either of the lovers. The plural mode they employ not only adumbrates the respect of each for the other but is a symbol of the existing you-and-I difference between the lovers. But here again we find now and then a deviation — whispering a transient attitude — from the normal plural mode of address; the deviation is marked by the employment of a personal possessive mode, *my* or *mine,* coupled with a term of endearment. Involvement Table II gives the particulars of the pronouns of address appearing in the conversations between Chitra and Arjuna.

INVOLVEMENT TABLE II

		SC. II	SC. IV	SC. VI	SC. VIII	SC. IX
Chitra	plural	17	7	15	24	19
	possessive	1	2	3	1	3
Arjuna	plural	18	3	9	11	...
	possessive	...	1	2	3	...

Let us substantiate a shift of the normal mode. Towards the end of Scene IV, Arjuna tells Chitra:

> Hush! Listen, *my beloved,* the sound of prayer bells from the distant village temple steals upon the evening air across the silent trees![7]

The gods assure Chitra that "a time will come of itself . . . when Arjuna will gladly accept the abiding fruitful truth" in her. And hence, in Scene IV, she starts afresh living with Arjuna in complete hope after the gods' assurance. In Scene IV, we find for the first time Arjuna's attention diverted towards her skill in preparing a garland. And, as their conversation proceeds, Arjuna mentions his return home. That puts her suddenly in agony; her agony is that she should enjoy the best with him, make him realize the truth in her, and retain her place in his heart for ever — not as the beautiful Chitra, but as the true devout wife. So, apparently, her agony finds expression in her saying: "Take

[7] *Ibid.,* p. 31.

me in your arms, *my love....*" But he is not prepared for it, for his mind is elsewhere diverted; and hence he, perhaps unconsciously, tries to divert her attention to "the sound of prayer bells" in a pseudo-affectionate mood of transient attitude to pacify this agony of hers for something he could hardly understand. The appearance of a term like *my beloved* or *hero mine,* often as an excess term in a particular structure, is thus a symbol of transient attitude in the particular context.

The frequency of the plural mode and the toning up of the personal possessive modes point to something to infer about the characters of Arjuna and Chitra. In Scene II, we find the hero and the heroine together; Chitra anxiously questioning to find out whether he is attracted by her adopted beauty and Arjuna eloquently expressing his infatuation for her — they employ the plural mode of respect as their normal *rapport* seventeen and eighteen times respectively. After the first mating, they start living together from Scene IV, with Chitra aching to find a permanent place in his heart as a woman truly loved. In Scenes IV, VI, and VIII, we notice the decline of Arjuna's infatuation in three graded stages and the diversion of his attention from the Chitra in beauty before him to an image of the mighty Princess Chitra. The more his mind diverges thus the more she is worried, and the frequency of her plural mode shoots up from seven to fifteen and to twenty-four. But, finding his attention completely focused on what kind of woman the mighty Princess Chitra would be, she (deprived of her boon of beauty), in the Final Scene, anxiously and eloquently reveals herself and her efforts so far for a permanent place in his heart as true woman, in the course of which nineteen plural modes are seen employed. He patiently hears her account, hardly interrupting even once. But, when he hears that his imaginary Princess Chitra and the woman he has been living with are one and the same and that she is nourishing his babe in her womb, his illusion fades away into Reality; his joy knows no bounds; and the synchronization of elevated minds takes place. He does not use the plural mode (the token of the existing you-and-I difference), or the personal possessive mode; instead, as a symbol of the union of hearts, he suddenly addresses her in a term of endearment, *Beloved,* in his solitary final utterance: "*Beloved,* my life is full." We also notice a steady toning up in the frequency of the personal possessive mode of nearness and affection, indicating a gradual narrowing down of the gulf of apartness between the hero and the heroine into the sacred union of hearts.

K. V. SURYANARAYANA MURTI

ARTHUR L. HERMAN

The Philosophy of Tar-Water: Bishop Berkeley and Medico-pyro-pantheism

[The first part of Dr. A. L. Herman's interesting article on the theories and practice of Bishop Berkeley in regard to tar-water, which he regarded as a panacea, appeared last month. This is the second and concluding part, in which Dr. Herman examines the recipe, dosage, and the metaphysical explanation offered of the healing properties of tar-water. —ED.]

II. The Recipe, Dosage, and Healing Properties of Tar-Water

WITH SUCH POWERFUL CLAIMS being made for its curative properties, it might be thought that tar-water would be both expensive and rare. But it was not so. For a few pennies a day an entire village or one of His Majesty's ships could maintain a barrel of the balm for their inhabitants.[26] This again made the liquor seem all the more like a gift from Heaven, and particularly so since the good Bishop of Cloyne himself made no money from the project.

Berkeley gives the recipe for making tar-water, and while there are minor variations between the various editions of the *Siris* and his later letters, the procedure described below is sufficiently common to all of them to guarantee to anyone who follows it that he will have when he finishes full-strength Berkeleyan tar-water. First, the tar is merely the exudate from the pine or fir tree. It is recommended that such trees growing well exposed to the sun in mountainous regions yield the best tar, and especially when that tar is free-running and liquidy.[27] Second, a quart of this liquid tar should be obtained and placed in a glazed stone vessel with one gallon of cold water. This compound should then be mixed with a wooden ladle or flat stick for a period of time ranging from three or four minutes (in the early editions of *Siris*) to five or six minutes, and even up to eight minutes, where extra strength is needed. Finally, one should allow the vessel to stand for three days and nights (forty-eight hours in the early editions). Finally, pour off the water standing above the tar residue, put it in bottles, cork it, and

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[26] "And, as it is of such extensive use both to man and beast, it should seem that a tub of tar-water constantly supplied in a market town, would serve, in some sort, for an hospital" ("Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water," FRASER, p. 348).

"Every ship in his Majesty's navy should always have a vessel of tar-water upon deck for the use of sailors, both in the scurvey and other maladies." (*Ibid.*, p. 350).

[27] "A Second Letter to Thomas Prior, Esq., On the Virtues of Tar-Water" (in FRASER, p. 315)

get ready to be cured.[28]

Shortly after the publication of *Siris,* manufacturers set up producing centres in London, Dublin, Gottingen, and elsewhere, to make tar-water according to Berkeley's recipe, bottle it, and sell it. But the formula was so widely known, the balm so easily made in any kitchen and from materials so readily available, that one wonders how much profit there could have been for such manufacturers.[29]

The quantity of tar-water to be taken by the *ailing* patient is as variable in the literature as the recipe. For infants, it is recommended that one quarter-pint a day taken by spoon will suffice, though there should be no fear, Berkeley adds, of excess.[30] For adults, the accepted dosage runs from one pint, taken at two or four different times a day, to one quart every twenty-four hours. In the *Siris,* Berkeley again recommends "a half pint, night and morning on an empty stomach"[31] but in severe cases "much may be taken and often";[32] later, in the "Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water," he confesses to having drunk over a gallon of tar-water in a few hours and having been "cooled and recovered from a fever by it.[33]

But some of Berkeley's patients were made ill by the concoction, the most frequent symptom being "nausea and disgust."[34] For such persons Berkeley recommends a suspension or lessening of the dosage for a time,[35] or, more happily, mixing the tar-water with nutmeg or mountain wine.[36]

The conclusions which can be drawn from Berkeley's jockeyings with recipe and dosage might be simply that the good prophet is, in one way or another, for better or worse, applying the methods, or so he believed, of the New Science to the discipline of medicine: from hunches and hopes to hypotheses; from hypotheses to experimentation with dosage; from resulting observations to the alteration of dosage and hypothesis; to more experimentation with control groups and experimental groups; to final predictions and promises — it is all pretty crude stuff, to be sure. But Berkeley's method ought not to be condemned merely because he lived in the eighteenth century. With candour and an eye on the method, the prophet of Cloyne sums up his own endeavour as follows:

> Men may censure and object as they please, but I appeal to time and experiment. Effects misimputed, cases wrong told, circumstances over-

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[28] For the various recipes the reader is referred to FRASER: *Siris,* pp. 141-2; "First Letter to Thomas Prior," p. 304; "Second Letter to Thomas Prior," pp. 314-15; "Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water," p. 339; and for the recipe for both diseased cattle and humans bitten by rabid dogs see "A Letter to Dr. Hales," p. 334.

[29] FRASER, p. 142, fn. 7 [30] "Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water," in FRASER, p. 341

[31] FRASER, p. 143 [32] *Ibid.,* p. 186 [33] *Ibid.,* p. 350

[34] *Ibid.,* p. 185 [35] *Ibid.,* p. 225 [36] *Ibid.,* p. 185

> looked, perhaps, too, prejudices and partialities against truth, may for a time prevail, and keep her at the bottom of her well, from whence nevertheless she emergeth sooner or later, and strikes the eyes of all those who do not keep them shut.[37]

Berkeley's claims for his nostrum are backed by an incredibly ingenious theory regarding the nature of tar and tar-water. He spars about with a number of explanations before finally putting all his efforts into a metaphysical theory that might be called, after Heraclitus and the Stoics, "medico-pryo-pantheism."

During this sparring he offers a number of both mechanical and chemical theories to explain the wondrous workings of tar-water. Thus tar-water produces a cooling effect on the blood, whence it cures gout;[38] it cools the hot and warms the cold, whence it cures fevers, palsies, and dropsies;[39] and finally in "A Second Letter to Thomas Prior," Berkeley summarizes these non-metaphysical sparrings by stating:

> This medicine of tar-water worketh various ways by urine, by perspiration, as a sudorific, carminative, cardiac, astringent, detergent, restorative, alterative and sometimes as a gentle purgative or emetic. . . .[40]

But the fundamental and true explanation of these subtle workings of tar-water lies in the metaphysical theory that can be called "medico-pyro-pantheism." In its simplest form this theory states that Invisible Fire, aether, or spirit (Berkeley uses the terms interchangeably), being the most subtle of all bodies, pervades and expands itself throughout the entire universe.[41] This Fire is, further, the Vital Spirit or Vegetative-Soul of the world. Invisible Fire is the source of all life and strength, consequently it is vital to the health of all animals. This spirit is "imprisoned" in food and medicines, and therefore it supports life and strength when it is ingested into the body. At this stage of the argument (and the argument is long and at times repetitious, running from Sections 148 to 230 in the *Siris*), Berkeley attempts to make this Neoplatonic World-Soul respectable by Christianizing it; he quotes liberally from the Old and New Testaments, particularly those passages where God and Christ are referred to as "consuming fire," "clothed in light," "present and manifest in the element of Fire," "the sun," "a body of light," and so on.[42] But Christianizing has not been sufficient; Berkeley wants his theory paganized also, whence it takes on the respectability inevitably given to the ancient and mysterious past. Thus he conjures up the shades of Pythagoras, the Stoics, and finally Plato.

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[37] *Ibid.*, p. 172 [38] *Ibid.*, p. 172
[39] "Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water" in FRASER, p. 340
[40] FRASER, pp. 315–16 [41] *Ibid.*, pp. 198–9 [42] *Ibid.*, pp. 209–10, 212

It is Plato who puts Berkeley on to the final stage of the theory. For, with the pyro-pantheism now set up, we are in a position to introduce the wondrous medicinal product of resin or tar and enter upon the medical stage of the theory.

Berkeley, by an ingenious but perhaps unintentional misinterpretation, summons support from Plato's *Timaeus* for his contention that tar is a peculiar repository for this spirit or World-Soul-Fire:

> Plato, in his Timaeus, enumerating the ignited juices, names wine in the first place, and tar in the second. But wine is pressed from the grape, and fermented by human industry. Therefore of all ignited juices purely natural, tar or resin must in his account be esteemed the first.[43]

The misinterpretation is a double one. In the first place, Berkeley's tar-water is no more "purely natural" than is wine: both involve preparation and neither is found hanging on the vine ready to be plucked. Secondly, by quoting Plato as an authority Berkeley hopes, as I have said, to gain credence and respectability for his theory, overlooking the rather obvious error that Plato cared not one whit for tar or its watery compounds.

However this may be, Berkeley argues that this fire permeates all bodies, even the hardest and most solid, diamond.[44] It cannot be sensed directly, being pure spirit, but it can be known by its effects, which are heat, flame, and rarefaction.[45] Finally, it reaches its greatest concentration in pitch, tar, or resin. Berkeley says in "Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water," that we should not be at all surprised by this conclusion, since pitch is really only hardened tar and an extraordinary quantity of light and fire that "operates on everything"[46] is retained in the substance of pitch, "... as appears from certain electrical experiments ... which ... seem not a little to confirm what had before been suggested in *Siris*."[47]

In the *Siris*, Berkeley argues that this light or luminous spirit becomes impregnated in the juice of plants.[48] This light is particularly attracted to, secreted, and detained in tar, from which it can be drawn off again by mixing with cold water.[49] He has earlier cited Theophrastus and Pliny on the type of plant, fir or pine, which yielded the best tar, and it is to these evergreens, growing in sunny and unshaded grounds, that he now turns for his healing balm.[50] Thus when the tar-water is drunk the spirit concentrated in the tar in the water is released into the diseased body, bringing to that body health and well-being.

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[43] *Ibid.*, p. 223 [44] *Ibid.*, p. 219 [45] *Ibid.*, p. 205 [46] *Ibid.*, pp. 198–203

[47] "Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water," in FRASER, pp. 353–4. Berkeley does not describe these experiments.

[48] FRASER, pp. 157–9 [49] *Ibid.*, p. 183 [50] *Ibid.*, pp. 150–2.

Berkeley's theory of the cause of disease is similar, as I have remarked earlier,[51] to that of the great sixteenth-century alchemist, pharmacist, and physician, Paracelsus: There is a cure in nature for all of nature's ills. The prophet of tar-water quotes Paracelsus with respect and admiration throughout the *Siris*. Berkeley reasons that if disease is caused by a loss of spirit in the body then it follows that equilibrium can once again be restored by replenishing that which has been lost. Since tar-water contains light, life, or fire-spirit in superabundant concentration, it would follow that health could be very simply obtained by imbibing the resinous waters. This is the theory of medico-pyro-pantheism.

Throughout the history of man, many religions have employed liquid concoctions of one sort or another in their sacred ceremonies. The Hindu *soma,* the Buddhist *chhang,* the Dionysian wine, and the Navaho mescalin have all been regarded with awe by their worshippers, largely because of their claimed metaphysical properties, as well as the healing or hallucinatory properties attributed to or found in the drink. Berkeley thus joins in an old tradition by not only providing a metaphysic for his concoction, but also by making restorative claims, empirically substantiated, for the drink.

But not only is Berkeley in the main stream of an ancient theological tradition (pagan, to be sure, and one wonders how the good Bishop could ultimately square his pantheism with his Christianity); he also proceeds with all the scientific caution that his age could muster in speaking about the medical properties of his drink. Medico-pyro-pantheism is, then, curiously enough, a doctrine that does a strange kind of double duty, by ministering to man's soul at the same time that it ministers to his body.

ARTHUR L. HERMAN

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[51] *Supra* (THE ARYAN PATH, June 1966), p. 271

K. B. THAKUR

What the "Gita" Means to Me

[Smt. K. B. Thakur, B.A., B.T., has been a successful amateur playwright and a teacher, besides having helped to produce programmes at the All India Radio. Her article enters into none of the philosophical perplexities that even scholars can stumble over when they approach the profundities of the *Gītā*. She writes with a fresh and sincere feeling and communicates a wholly authentic lively delight in the dramatic quality, the spiritual strength, and the sheer beauty of the *Gītā*.—ED.]

THROUGH COUNTLESS AGES the *Gītā* has continued to enchant the minds that have gone to its message in moments of turmoil, doubt, devotion, or joy. The appeal of the Lord's song is as fresh as when it was sung first on the Kurukshetra; its pristine grace and glory are not a shade dimmer but have grown with the ages as great minds have sought to interpret it and to present it in new angles and facets. Like a cut diamond, it shines from whatever angle you behold it. The *Gītā* therefore gives a new experience every time we dip into its ageless spirit. A thing of perfect beauty alone could give such an experience. It is *nava-nava-unmeṣa-śālinī,* radiating new graces every time we read it. This is how Kalidasa has described perfect beauty, and such is the *Gītā*.

One thing that the *Gītā* does is to tranquillize the mind, not in the sense the modern tranquillizers do, on a physical plane, but on a mental plane. After reading and understanding the *Gītā,* the mind comes to be poised. As one reads it more often, its spirit grows on one and comes to dwell within one. Its sonorous, commanding voice sings in your heart and gives you a new vision of life and thought. It invigorates and it stills too. The two effects seem contradictory but are not really so. By stilling restlessness of mind, it strengthens the mind for further experience. The medicinal tranquillizers weaken the restless man by sapping his will. The *Gītā* strengthens the will.

I have gone to the *Gītā* for a sense of poise, for spiritual strength, and for mental courage, and I have emerged fortified with them after enjoying its spirit. What is it in the *Gītā* that strengthens me? It is its lucidity and trenchant beauty of expression, its harmony of thought, its certitude, and lastly its revolutionary thought and freedom from dogma of any sort. But above all, I like its form, the great human drama inherent in it.

The setting is the two armies poised for a final decisive battle. The human element is the powerful bond of blood that joined the two parties to the war, with all the undertones and overtones of affection, loyalty, respect that Arjuna felt for his teachers, friends, and elders ranged on the other side.

The mind of Arjuna is portrayed very powerfully before the reader — the pain, the anguish, the affection, the turmoil, the fear of sin, the guilt of the young, sensitive heart of a brave soldier.

What mind will not quake with a sense of turpitude, shame, and sin at the grim prospect? Arjuna reacted as was expected. His great valour dissolved at the sight of blood relations. He failed as a warrior, as the favourite disciple of Lord Krishna. He preferred death to the act of killing his kith and kin. Affection, i.e., *Māyā,* emerged triumphant over the sense of justice and inheritance. Death was preferable to this fearful, ignoble act, thought Arjuna, in his simple, straight soldierlike fashion. Death seemed the only solution out of his innately human problem and he in his great humanity did what no Kshatriya would ever dream of doing in those days of rigid chivalry. He cast down his bow, which was considered the highest ornament to grace the arm of a warrior, and he sat down with tears streaming down his face right in the centre of the serried ranks of the armies. No greater ignominy could befall a Kshatriya of those grand, chivalrous days, but it happened; and with it the world reeled. Its dearly cherished values seemed to topple down. That simple moment of Arjuna's grief shook the Aryan world of those days as nothing else did; since Arjuna was one of the heroes of his society. This intensely human, therefore dramatic, spectacle is the cauldron out of which emerges the *Gītā,* like a beautiful melody, like a full-blown lotus of thought, like a dazzling light of philosophy that enchants, gladdens, and illuminates the mind all at once. This human element, this dramatic dialogue between the *Guru* and his *Chela,* recurs throughout the poem. That alone establishes the birthplace of the song.

It was born on the battlefield, just at that momentous hour when the conches of the war-leaders on either side alerted the armies and gave the signal for battle. There are no greater artists than life and fate; no better moment and place could have been chosen by life and fate acting in unison for the birth of the *Gītā,* the song of songs.

The hearts of men all around were heaving with intense feelings of hate, anguish, fear, anger, affection, doubt, pain, and all other feelings engendered by the imminence of a grim battle. Above this general surge of powerful human feelings was the tidal wave of Arjuna's grief and frailty. His human feelings were seething, boiling, crisscrossing, like mad waves battling in a mighty storm, and as in a storm all was dark, uncertain, and fearful. Humanity was on the brink of a disaster, death and annihilation, caught in the web of a war between two powerful enemies. There was confusion, rendered greater when Arjuna, the Captain, collapsed at his post.

It was against this powerful, stirring, and intensely dramatic back-

ground that the *Gītā* was born or rather churned out of the chaotic forces unleashed by war. The serene song was the happy outcome of the terrible human forces and emotions that were bursting all round the historic battleground of Kurukshetra. That further establishes the birthplace of the *Gītā*. Great occasions give birth to great things. The Mahabharata War was one such great occasion and the *Gītā* was its child.

It is not a song of a peacetime or of emotion recollected in tranquillity! The demonic energy of a war alone could give birth to such a stirring song. The energy is both destructive and creative. The two forces are working simultaneously and they are the two forces of the energy of life.

Once after the war, while talking of old times, Arjuna asked Lord Krishna to recite the *Gītā*. The answer was typical of the author of the song. Everything has its time and place. The *Gītā* could blossom only on the battlefield, out of the stress of emotions, and not in quiet homely surroundings. The brave occasion called forth a brave effort. The *Gītā* was sure to equip a failing heart to face a battle both within and without.

There was war going on within Arjuna. One can fight an external enemy but one cannot so easily fight the enemy from within. Lord Krishna's *Gītā* resolves the conflict in Arjuna's mind and brings peace and serenity to it. That is why the *Gītā* is not an afterthought or a postscript to the *Mahābhārata*. It is the third act of a drama. The action is at the crucial stage before the resolution of the conflict sets in. It is the critical moment when the fate of the people hangs in balance.

Lastly, Hindu thought has many bright gems in its treasure chest, but none so beautiful as the *Gītā*. It is the crown of the Vedānta and the brilliant spectrum of the Upaniṣads. Above all it takes one into the limitless empire of spirit that is within us, where one can move freely, untrammelled by the dogma that cripples man's ability to experience life and its spirit at their fresh, virgin roots. To me, therefore, freedom is one of its greatest of gifts. Anything, including the Vedas, that militates against man's quest of the spiritual empire that is within him is to be discarded; and that indeed is a great tribute that the *Gītā* pays to men's unlimited ability to reach the highest spiritual experience. The *Gītā* recognizes that it is impossible to dogmatize about an experience which is not analogous to anything that we feel on a lower plane and which cannot be adequately described in our language.

The proper function of language is to describe the common experience of man. Even the *Gītā* describes spiritual experience as a *guhya*, a secret, a thing most personal that can happen to a man only within the infinite folds of his Self. It is the sacred preserve of each individual soul, where none and nothing from outside can intrude without polluting its profound sanctity.

The *Gītā* opens the portals to that limitless empire within one's self and turns the light of a thousand suns inward. The keys with which it opens the portals are action, knowledge, and devotion. But with these keys I enter a domain to which I have no spiritual passport as yet, because I have not yet qualified for it. I have seen only the faintest glimmer of the Kingdom of Heaven that is within us all, but the little that I have felt about this land is sufficient to deepen my joy in life. This has been the richest blessing of the *Gītā*.

K. B. THAKUR

Memory

What love is this, O friend, that floods my heart again,
Sweeping all dams of thought and time and space away?
The long-forgotten past comes pouring down in rain
And in this life's pool flows the stream of yesterday.

A dream of ages gone flowers out on life's hard stem,
Defying reason's grasp, untouched by mind's rough hands;
In the grey drab sands of time it glows a flawless gem:
An elusive fragrance comes wafted from far-off lands.

Sometimes, I know not why, I hear a flutelet call
In the lonely deep of night, in the madding crowds of day!
It calls: Come home, come home, come home, the shadows fall!
Who calls to me? From where? So near, so far away.

INDIRA DEVI

B. NATESAN

Reflections on Old Age

[We are glad to have again after a long interval a contribution from our old friend Shri B. Natesan. From the vantage point of his own great age he reflects on the advantages of the later years of human life. There is detachment in his reflections, and certainly no complaint anywhere.—ED.]

I RECALL the casual observation of a great writer in his eighties that he enjoyed life more at that age than at any time in his youth or middle age. Making allowance for a writer's habitual way of exaggeration by way of emphasizing his point, I confess I agree with him in essentials — that is, the things that really count in life. I forget the name of the writer, but that is immaterial; for it could have been Landor or Max Beerbohm or G.B.S. — all veterans in the art of living, who made the most of life and left us the wholesome legacy of a fruitful life. I agree with him not because I am myself approaching my climacteric, but because of very valid reasons. Is not freedom from work and worry sufficient justification for being happy? Those who are obsessed by the slogan of work, the eternal round of work as the supreme end in life, may demur. I work indeed, and work with passion and energy, not unmixed with a kind of joy in the doing — but I always look forward to its end — and leisure. Lamb said that, if he had a son, he would christen him Nothing-to-do. He should do nothing. I don't go so far, but with me work is only the means, and the aim is rest and freedom, freedom from activity, and the quest for peace. I would work furiously without respite all night through if only I could be free at dawn. "I lie here by the water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace or Contentment."

Let us pause and consider. Do you really vote for an unceasing whirl of work and worry as an end in itself? No time to stand and stare, but always catching trains (and planes these days), paying and receiving visits, answering calls and ringing up for engagements, hurrying to keep appointments, and the endless round of parties and meetings, that make up so much of our urban life? Frankly I am not enamoured of such a life. It is not so bad to be rid of this restless locomotion. And what is it all for? More work and more worry. Asked what the use of money is, a multi-millionaire is reported to have said, "to make more money."

Is it so bad, after all, to be put on the shelf and kept away from the jostling crowd? It seems good enough to be a spectator of the pageant of life that goes merrily but noisily by. Of course you can't ride or walk in the Red Road in select company or share the thrill of water-sports

and mountaineering.

> That time is past,
> And all its aching joys are now no more,
> And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
> Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
> Have followed; for such loss I would believe
> Abundant recompense.

We have had our innings, said Dean Inge, and the game of life is nearly over. We live most of our time in our memory, and our imagination is all the more fertile for our physical infirmity. Even the pains and penalties we suffered in the past seem coloured by the rosy hues of a cheerful dawn. And in the calm and serenity of age, stripped of all petty interests and passions, we see into the life of things. And we learn to look on things

> . . . not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
> The still sad music of humanity
> Not harsh nor grating though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue.

And Wordsworth goes on to speak of a presence that disturbs him with the joy of elevated thoughts, and so on.

Early to bed, I lie awake half the night till cock-crowing and morning coffee, revolving many memories, most of them pleasant and some not so pleasant. I see passing shadows of men and events in quick succession as figures in a film show. We cannot shake off the past, and we do not wish to part with those shadowy figures bringing to our mind the memory of long past days. They remind us of things neglected or performed with ill grace, of missed opportunities and mistaken judgements, of rewarding friendships and friends who proved treacherous, of the wrong turns taken at a crisis which made a difference in our life and fortune, of actions which make us blush, of the harsh and grating words that made enemies, of all that could have been achieved if only we had then the wisdom of today — and all those are now beyond repair. And mark, with what amused interest and smiling indulgence we view even the sins that were scarlet — not in us only but in others as well. What large charity in our judgement! But all these pictures flit before our vision with amazing swiftness. Nothing stays.

Dean Inge has recorded these emotions with unfailing candour:

> We can remember hundreds of things that make us very much ashamed, opportunities missed, faults of temper, idleness and frivolity, sins of self-indulgence; and what really hurts us most, offences against the law of love, neglect, misunderstanding, ingratitude, in return for affection; and

those whom we treated so unworthily are now beyond our reach; we can do nothing to make it up to them.

Whence this wisdom and gentleness and forbearance and forgiveness? We were not always like this. Not seldom have we been foolish, angry, malignant, spiteful. No trace now of these dark patches. The reason is not far to seek. We have not gone through these bitter-sweet experiences for nothing. The scars are there and with them the lessons of a long life of varied knowledge. And then too

> The clouds that gather round the setting sun
> Do take a sober colouring from an eye
> That hath kept watch over man's mortality.

But we are not living in the clouds, and the basic necessaries of life and the special needs of age and its comfort have to be assured. Life cannot go gaily without such provision. How few and simple are the things that make for happiness in age! The warmth of the sun of a cold December morning and the splendour of the vast expansive sky, the fragrance of flowers and fresh-cut leaves of new books and coffee, the voices of children and snatches of an old song floating down the morning air, and the kindness of those near you, unwearied in service — all these are full of blessings. And can you be indifferent to the respect paid to age and the way they refer to the charming old man basking in the sun in that open terrace yonder? What more do you want, at the end of the chapter, than to cease upon the midnight without pain? Armed with creature comforts and a mind and temper of cheerful serenity we can face death with wisdom and fortitude. And then we can say with Landor:

> I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks and I am ready to depart.

Why bemoan and bewail death? asked Epicurus:

> For if thy life past and gone has been welcome to thee why not take thy departure like a guest filled with life and enter with resignation on untroubled rest? But if all thou hast enjoyed has been squandered and lost and life is a grievance why seek to add more to be wasted in its turn and utterly lost without avail? Why not rather make an end of life and travail?

B. NATESAN

New Books and Old

The *Arthashastra* of Kautilya*

THESE VOLUMES are a continuation of the first Part containing Professor R. P. Kangle's critical edition of the text of Kauṭilya's *Arthaśāstra* with a Glossary, published by the University of Bombay in 1960 and already reviewed in these pages (July 1962, p. 327).

An authoritative English translation and exegetical commentary on this admittedly difficult and singularly important Sanskrit text has been a long-felt need not only of Indologists but also of scholars interested in ancient Indian politics, economics, law, and sociology. For the first English translation by Shama Sastri, though universally praised at the time of its first appearance in 1915, is now well-nigh outdated by the publication of several masterly translations, commentaries, and studies not only in English but in Italian, German, and Russian (e.g., Meyer and Brelower), not to speak of numerous articles in learned Oriental journals. An idea of the vast body of critical literature on Kauṭilya can be had from the Bibliography at the end of Part III of this work, which runs to ten pages. Some new manuscript material also is forthcoming, showing early Indian attempts at text-exegesis in parts.

Professor Kangle's undertaking to present a new translation and a fresh appraisal in the light of modern scholarship was a very difficult one indeed; and he deserves unqualified praise on his performance of a monumental task. Taken together, these two Parts are a substantial contribution to a subject that has not been so thoroughly and authoritatively treated in English since the time of Shama Sastri, with all the apparatus of modern academic research, such as manuscript sources, glossaries, word-indexes, etc. Along with great industry, they show great devotion to and knowledge of Kauṭilya; and the publication bids fair to win international recognition.

In Part II, the learned editor comes to grips with problems of interpretation and succeeds in a large measure in recovering original readings and in extracting the original meanings of even riddle-like expressions by sheer dint of scholarly reference and insight as in the case of *Aditikauśika* (I.17.21; XI.1.42) and *aurabhraṁ* (I.17.12). That the former has reference to "females dedicated to some deity" and the latter to "suitable stuff" is all missed in Shama Sastri. No pains have been spared to make the translation at once precise, accurate, and readable. References to book, chapter, and section at the top of each page facilitate easy reference. Some endless controversies like Bhāsa's indebtedness to Kauṭilya are laid at rest once for all by showing how particular passages in the text are spurious (e.g., *navam saravam* . . . , p. 509).

Part III is concerned with a critical and general study of the text, and it covers the whole range of topics of interest to the modern reader. Questions about the origins and sources of the *Śāstra*, the authenticity of the text, the author's date and historicity, are all discussed exhaustively and it is indicated now beyond doubt that Kauṭilya wrote the work in the Mauryan period. Some of the most interesting studies appear under the heads, "The State in Kauṭilya," "Society and Social Life," "State Administration," "Law and Administration of Justice," and "Defence

* *The Kauṭilīya Arthaśāstra*. Pt. II: English Trs. with Critical and Explanatory Notes (xiv + 601 pp. 1963. Rs. 20.00); Pt. III: A Study (302 pp. 1965. Rs. 16.00). By R. P. KANGLE. (University of Bombay Studies: Sanskrit, Prakrit, and Pali, Nos. 2 & 3.)

and External Affairs." In sifting relevant evidence from the encyclopaedic work of Kauṭilya and in coming to conclusions, the author has shown a rare objectivity and meticulousness. He is neither unduly enthusiastic as Jayaswal nor unduly cold as Keith. Professor Kangle's presentation is a model of balanced judgement and scholarly achievement, revealing at once Kauṭilya's merits as well as limitations.

On minor points of detail there may be differences among scholars. It is difficult to see, for example, how "a connection with *rūpa* (as *rūpaka*) 'a drama' is not unlikely" in the word *rūpājīvā* (II, p. 57fn.); and that in *cellaṁ bollanaṁ* "Desi words are evidently used (II, p. 139)." But this in no way affects the undisputed authority of the work. We heartily congratulate the author on the successful completion of his stupendous project.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Methods of Knowledge: Perceptual, Non-perceptual, and Transcendental. According to Advaita Vedānta. By SWAMI SATPRAKASHANANDA. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 366 pp. 1965. 50*s*.)

Here is an outstanding treatment of one of the basic philosophic problems — "How do we know?" — as taught in Advaita ("non-dualist") Vedānta; this is placed as the chief facet among the varied Indian systems, whose differences from, and accords with, Vedānta form a continuous accompaniment. Swāmī Satprakāshānanda, the founder-head of the Vedānta Society of St. Louis, has worked for twenty years in the States as a spiritual teacher. His knowledge of both Indian and Western thought is so profound as to appear easy, though naturally the theme of the book is difficult. Even a *précis* of its contents is clearly impossible here. In the book itself, the synopsis of each chapter is helpful.

Part One, "Perception, Three Means of Non-Perceptual Knowledge, and the Way of Apprehending Non-Existence," begins with the "six methods of valid knowledge." Typical is the theory that "the luminous self, the knower within, causes the mind and the organs to move towards the objects." Chapter II discusses Metaphysics; pages 66-70 distinguish well the Advaita view from both objective realism and subjective idealism. The next chapters present "Perceptual Knowledge"; "The Validity of Knowledge"; and "Illusion: Its Nature and Cause," where non-Vedāntic views are also described. Chapters VI and VII are basic: "Three Means of Non-Perceptual Knowledge: Inference (*anumāna*), Comparison (*upamāna*), and Postulation (*arthāpatti*)"; and the typically Hindu "Non-Apprehension: the Way of Apprehending Non-existence."

Part Two deals with the equally typical concept of "Verbal Testimony: A Means of Valid Knowledge, Sensuous and Suprasensuous." Though the defence of "Verbal Testimony" and "authority" may not convince all readers, these five chapters rejoice in an account of Hindu grammatical aesthetics (letters, syllables, words, sentences, sound, and sense in interrelation) and also in a long, accurate, and inspiring portrayal of the means to suprasensuous knowledge (e.g., Chapter XI: " 'Thou art That,' the Truth of truths.")

The book is enriched by four Appendices: on the "Vedic Texts," on "The Six Vedic Schools of Philosophy and Their Notable Sanskrit Works," on "The Yogic Dualism and the Vedāntic Non-Dualism," and on "The Yogic Method of Meditation Leading to Self-realization."

Two Bibliographies and an Index conclude the work, which opens with a Foreword by Professor Huston Smith (Massachusetts) and an Introduction

by Professor T. M. P. Mahadevan (Madras).

This book is a treasury of clear and wide thinking.

TERENCE WHITE GERVAIS

Life and Doctrines of Buddha. By RICHARD PISCHEL. Translated from German by B. H. KAPADIA. (Translator, Vallabh Vidyanagar. viii+160 pp. 1965. Price not mentioned.)

In his original German Foreword of 1904 the author considers that none of the then existing works on Buddhism, including that of Oldenberg, had brought out its characteristics in a sufficiently vivid and convincing manner, and hence his attempt to do so in this brief monograph. The conviction is expressed that the philosophy of Buddha is dependent on Kapila and Patanjali.

The translator's aim is to perpetuate the author's memory and pay tribute to his noble work.

The condition of the people of Buddha's day, their culture, and their dogmatic religious traditions are shown to have brought forth a number of contemporary reformer-teachers. In his teachings the Buddha emphasized morality and ethics and discouraged the existing aim of reaching to the personal bliss of "godhood."

The historical life of the Buddha has been dealt with at some length and parallels are drawn with similar incidents in the birth and life of Jesus.

The major doctrines of the Four Truths, the Noble Eightfold Path, Causality, practical ethics, and the evolution of the Buddhas are all outlined, and occasional references given to Buddhist scriptures. The effectiveness of the method of instruction by parables, stories, illustrations, examples, and analogies is covered in a separate chapter, as being of importance.

The work of the Councils which regenerated the decadent life in the monasteries is explained at some length and indicates the wide and deep influence of the great Teacher.

There is a feeling for Indian thought and culture in the work, and ascriptions of atheism and pessimism to Buddhism, such as made by some European authors, are absent. The book might find its right place in the Buddhist literature of today if links with the work of modern scholars like Edward Conze and others are established by the addition of a suitable survey of their contributions since Pischel wrote his book.

K. R. A.

Reverence for Life. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER. (Philosophical Library, New York. ix+74 pp. 1965. $2.75)

This is an anthology of selected writings of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Nobel Laureate and medical missionary of legendary fame. The book aims at making the reader familiar with other equally important aspects of his life. One of the most amazing personalities of history, Dr. Schweitzer was a scholar become servant of the poor and lowly, for the love of Christ. He was, among other things, an accomplished musician, an authority on the Bible, an expert on animal and plant life, and a thinker whose concern for the problems of the human spirit and whose methods of expressing this concern raise him to the stature of one of the world's foremost philosophers.

Within a period of fifty years, since he left Europe to serve the Negroes and to practise medicine and found a hospital in the backwoods of Africa, Schweitzer became a universal symbol of altruism, self-sacrifice, and dedication.

Through his continuing devotion to the principles he set out to follow, he became one of the great humanitarians of our time and in that respect ranks with Mahatma Gandhi and Henri

Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross. Imbued with a deep sense of dedication and faith, his writings throb with their sense of conviction. Schweitzer believes that the aim of a man's efforts is to transform himself, his fellow beings, and the material world so that the spirit is unfolded in life and God becomes manifest; for God is and informs and upholds the Creation; the Spirit is His expression in man and the Law of Spirit is supreme.

SURENDRANATH AGNIHOTRI

The Knower and the Known. By MARJORIE GRENE. (Faber and Faber, London. 283 pp. 1966. 42*s.*)

The authoress, a Professor of Philosophy in the University of California, is one of those people the width of whose reading is astounding. She is mostly within the grip of the conventions of the time which are dominating academic philosophy and she accordingly deals with its academic history. But she is making a protest against materialism and arguing for the recognition of mind beyond mankind. She will not bow down before the currently popular Hume. She argues that practically all recent philosophy has been dependent on Hume, with regrettable results.

She sees that in the universe are centres of consciousness of various kinds. Her book has the great merit of dealing with the philosophy of evolution. She points out, correctly, that Darwin has been so acceptable because of his "reduction of life to the play of chance and necessity, its elimination of organic categories from the interpretation even of living things." She quotes Sir James Gray: "no amount of argument or clever epigram can disguise the inherent improbability of orthodox [Darwinian] theory."

> As G. G. Simpson's calculations of rates of evolution show, the bat's wing, if evolved by Mendelian mutation and selective pressure at the same rate at which it has altered since its origin, would have had to begin developing well before the origin of the earth!

The truth is, she says, that orthodox Darwinism is really a metaphysical faith, materialism, and she quotes David Lack that the orthodox Darwinian

> cannot accept the theory that man's mind was evolved wholly by natural selection if this means, as it would appear to do, that the conclusions of the mind depend ultimately on their survival value and not their truth, thus making all scientific theories, including that of natural selection, untrustworthy.

R. F. RATTRAY

The Meaning of Personal Existence: In the Light of Paranormal Phenomena, the Doctrine of Reincarnation and Mystical States of Consciousness. By ARTHUR W. OSBORN. (Sidgwick and Jackson, London. xiv+232 pp. 1966. 35*s.*)

When the reviewer received his copy of this book and noted its Table of Contents he sat back and smiled.... Not, let it be said quickly, at the book, or its author. Far from that.

There was immediate recollection of two recent broadcasts, in which Men of Science answered questions by seekers after truth and during which the subject of paranormal happenings — alleged paranormal happenings was how the humble enquirers put it — was raised, on which the savants proceeded to make instant *ex-cathedra* pronouncements along the lines: "Of course these things do not happen — because they cannot happen" — that famous finalizer.

Apparently that was that for the querists. The panelists knew. What the informed listener knew was that the no-sayers were merely revealing their indurated prejudices born of total ignorance.

Mr. Osborn gives them one more opportunity — a number of such opportunities have been provided in published works lately, as the book-review columns of THE ARYAN PATH have shown — to remove that ignorance. A very thorough prober into, and lucid expounder of, mind-body relationships, he here examines (as the present reviewer has also done over a period of some thirty-five years) the evidence for telepathy; precognition; clairvoyance and clairaudience, spontaneous and induced; psychometry; automatic writing; bi-location or astral projection; veridical dreams — indeed well-nigh the entire range of paranormal phenomena, from reports of apparitions to xenoglossy put on record by a great cloud of witnesses in every age and every clime. And he does so not at all to provide a merely factual account but with the purpose of building up an evaluation of *Homo sapiens,* as he is in his fullness, as distinct from the limited, devitalizing picture of him that the mechanist-philosophers present. And with that task, in this reader's judgement certainly, he has well succeeded.

To the same reader the most appealing and significant chapters are those which discuss the doctrine of Vedanta (*vide,* in the main, pp. 154, 170, 185, 188, 193, 196) — the teaching of a transcendent abiding Self as the reality behind all the fluctuating selves of everyday experience — a doctrine of Oneness which is so simple and explains adequately and luminously so much about ourselves and the world we live in that those intellectuals who are unhappy away from the labyrinths of agitated thought will not even look at it.

Rebirth, reincarnation, is a recurrent theme of the book, and having considered the case for and against the belief in its various forms the author concludes by stating that "while being fully conscious of a number of conceptual difficulties," he accepts "the basic theory."

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

Mental Health in a Changing World: Volume I *of a Report of an International and Interprofessional Study Group convened by the World Federation for Mental Health.* Edited by KENNETH SODDY and ROBERT H. AHRENFELDT with the assistance of MARY C. KIDSON. (Tavistock Publications, London. xxiv+192 pp. 1965. 35*s.*)

This is the first of three volumes based on the report of an international and interprofessional study group convened in 1961 by the World Federation for Mental Health. The first part of the book describes the way in which the group was set up and functioned; the second part describes some of the results of the discussions, dealing with such subjects as world citizenship, aggression and war, changing concepts of mental health, and public opinion with regard to mental disease. The third part of the book is a bibliography of works on mental health published since 1948.

The first part of the book would be of great interest to anyone planning a residential international or interdisciplinary working party. Headings include "Local Arrangements," "The Work Plan," and "The Atmosphere of the Study Group," and a variety of useful and rather unusual information is clearly given.

The second section, which reports the various recommendations of the Group, is not easy to read, and is only likely to interest the specialist. Inevitably many of the recommendations are expressed in very general terms, and sentences tend to be rather long and involved, e.g.:

> The Study Group recommended further consideration of the hypothesis that change may be effected in the individual not so much by a process of adjustment to changing circumstances as by a process of absorption and growth in such a way that a new stream

of culture is incorporated into the structure of the personality which, however, maintains its essential continuity.

The bibliography, which occupies the last sixty-seven pages of the book, is excellent, and the book is valuable for this alone.

PHYLLIS G. CROFT

Preconscious Foundations of Human Experience. By TRIGANT BURROW. Edited by WILLIAM E. GALT. (Basic Books, Inc., New York. 164 pp. 1964. $5.50)

"If we would survive, there can be but one answer; we must find a way to create one world, a family of man. But how?" Trigant Burrow struggled his entire life to understand that worst of all plagues — man against man. What were the main propositions of his psychoanalytic research? Burrow evolved a method of group analysis, and spent his life exploring the manifestations of "the social neurosis." Burrow's discoveries and the results of his investigation are:

(1) The neurosis of society is primary; the neurosis of the individual secondary. (2) Normalcy must be distinguished from mental health: *normal behaviour is a brand of shared sickness.* (3) Fundamental to human nature is the principle of "bio-social union": of mother and infant, individual and group. The "bio-social union" is a "preconscious" mode of oneness and unity: "I and thou," "thee and me." There is a Fall from this preconscious mode of oneness and unity: something has gone wrong somewhere in social evolution. (4) Co-operation in human relations is a more fundamental principle than competitiveness, separateness, and destructive exploitation. (5) The progressive misuse of language in human development is linked with the distortion of bio-social union: *the "I"-persona emerges as a false expression of individuality.* (6) From the primary pattern of "co-attention" (which is a quality of the preconscious mode of bio-social union) there occurs a deviant internal attitude of "ditention."

These propositions which sum up the result of Trigant Burrow's research into the nature of human relations show what great and what important work the late Dr. Trigant Burrow did, and how significant his researches are for a study of mankind. Trigant Burrow's researches ought to become known all over the world, and become a philosophy of education. The Lifwyn Foundation deserves our congratulations and our gratitude for publishing the researches of a thinker who worked on his psychoanalytic researches in "scientific exile"; for Burrow was "dismissed from his university appointment, and excommunicated from the American Psychoanalytic Association."

N. A. NIKAM

Netaji — The Man: Reminiscences. By DILIP KUMAR ROY. (Bhavan's Book University. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 214 pp. 1966. Rs. 2.50)

Dilip Kumar Roy is a scion of one of the noted aristocratic families of Bengal. His father was a man of ripe culture and wide literary and musical interests. Dilip Kumar, from his early youth, distinguished himself by his wide-ranging and sweet voice and he enjoyed the advantage of a profound familiarity with both Indian and Western music. He is an authentic poet and a mystic, evincing close familiarity with European as well as Eastern trends and developments. Moreover, he has enjoyed the esteem and personal friendship of Rabindranath Tagore, Gandhiji, and Romain Rolland. His dedication to the Aurobindo Ashram, for many years, and his intimate acquaintance with Shri-Aurobindo's literary achievements, philosophy, and spiritual aspirations are well known; but not so well known are the vivid and intimate contacts he en-

joyed with Netaji Subhash Bose, as evidenced by this recent publication.

As the author remarks, these reminiscences extend over two decades; and it is noteworthy that, during all this time, he has been realizing that the image of Subhash Chandra Bose has continuously increased in stature. Adopting a revealing quotation from Rabindranath, Dilip Kumar observes that Subash Bose was "greater than his actual achievement." The friendship between the author and Subhash Bose had, in his language, passed through "deserts of pain and aridity as well as the gardens of joy and fulfilment."

Readers of this delightfully intimate and enjoyable volume will, for the first time, be made aware of the mystic strain in Subhash and of his abiding belief in *mantra-śakti*. The author has also given us pictures of the essential sex-reservedness of Subhash Bose. We also become acquainted with the author's keen appraisement of character. For instance, his description of Jawaharlal Nehru as "loving Gandhi with his heart and Moscow with his brain," is penetratingly acute.

In this book we have a full account of Subhash's memorable, and inherently tragic, conflict with the Congress, and with Gandhiji in particular, which, ultimately, led to what was called his rustication. In the language of the author,

> Subhash was the victim of forces which induced him to seek a kind of catharsis through adventure; and this induced him to make common cause even with Hitler speedily to secure the freedom of his country.

In Shri Roy's opinion, Subhash Bose brought nearer the day of Indian *Swarāj*, by a decade at the very least, though he adopted means and methods which, in many particulars, were the opposite of Gandhiji's. He disguised himself as a Moulvi and, later, as an Italian, and proceeded to Germany, being erroneously but sincerely persuaded that Germany would help India to attain independence. He succeeded in forming an Army of Liberation, composite in character but united in enthusiastic patriotism by virtue of Subhash Bose's personal magnetism and burning love for his country.

It is greatly to Dilip Kumar Roy's credit that, though he did not see much of Subhash Bose during the last years of his life and did not approve of his later activities, yet he has been able to reconstruct his mental background and to visualize his psychological struggles with sympathy and literary expertise.

This biography constitutes a significant and sympathetic treatment of a dynamic, though baffling, personality.

C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

Feeding the World: A Biography of David Lubin. By AZRIEL EISENBERG. (Abelard-Schuman, London. 191 pp. Illustrated with drawings by Laszlo Matulay and with photographs. 1965. 16*s*.)

Did you realize that half the people in the world are always hungry, and millions more are ill-fed? These hungry and resentful millions are a danger to world peace. The problem is increased by medical science saving and prolonging life. How and where can be obtained additional food supplies to satisfy the hungry and feed the millions more being born? "Civilization is in a race with famine, and the outcome is in doubt."

The Food and Agricultural Organization (FAO) under the United Nations is tackling this: improving the health of chickens in Cambodia and of sheep in Libya, introducing better strains of wheat in Yugoslavia and of rice in Egypt, advising and experimenting. The man behind this idea of international co-operation on food supplies was David Lubin.

Born in a Polish ghetto, he was taken to America at six years old, and there began a life of adventure: at nine he

attempted to go to sea, at twelve he tried to join the army during the Civil War, and at sixteen he went by covered wagon to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Arizona. He ran a store and was known as the only honest storekeeper in Sacramento, and started the first mail-order house. Later, he bought a fruit ranch, which set him thinking on production and distribution, and finally drove him into politics to further his ideas. A breakdown in health led to a trip to Europe, where he talked in many lands of his idea of an International Chamber of Agriculture. After much trouble he secured an interview with Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, who agreed to sponsor his scheme. This led to the foundation of the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome, which grew into the FAO.

This book is written for young people and is one to be read and re-read, for interest, enjoyment, and inspiration.

E. RANDALL

You Are All Sanpaku. By SAKURAZAWA NYOITI. English Version by WILLIAM DUFTY. (University Books, New York. 224 pp. 1965. $4.95)

In the Far East, the conception of health as balance grows from the ancient idea of *Yin* and *Yang,* the balance of the two interdependent forces of life. *Sanpaku* is a Japanese term to describe eyes that, when the gaze is straightforward, show white below the iris, indicating imbalance, physiological, psychical, and spiritual. The book starts with the challenging statement that President Kennedy might have escaped assassination had he reacted to danger more quickly, as healthy people do, instead of being *Sanpaku,* like many other famous figures, and indeed, it is said, the majority of our over-civilized people.

It is claimed that wrong diet is the main cause for this, and out of the theory of the complementary relationship between sodium and potassium in the diet, its *Yin-Yang* aspects, has come the system known as macrobiotics. Ten regimens (three negative) are given, No. 7, the main standby, comprising hundred-per-cent cereals, generally natural, whole, unpolished brown rice, and liquids taken sparingly. Contrary to ordinary ideas, fruits are generally unacceptable. A little unrefined sea salt is advocated; sugar and milk are condemned.

An autobiographical introduction by William Dufty describes how he met macrobiotics and what it achieved for him and for others. The book itself, by a Japanese scientist, Sakurazawa Nyoiti (known in the West as George Ohsawa), explains the philosophy, the regimens, diets for specific disorders, various macrobiotic foods, and methods of cooking them. There is a table of foods and drinks (non-alcoholic) in order of *Yin* to *Yang,* a biography of Sakurazawa-Ohsawa (a fascinating story), as well as a bibliography. The total picture is somewhat over-simplified as a solution to humanity's ills, but the book certainly provokes thought.

E. WHITE

The Ability to Love. By ALLAN FROMME. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. x+366 pp. 1966. 30*s.*)

The publishers say that this book is "designed to help you to enhance your ability to love." This claim puts it where, but for a sprinkling of passages of more serious psychological concern, it belongs by reason of its general tone of comfortable optimism: among other books, likewise originating in the United States, about how to be successful, popular, happy (though married), etc., etc. Its title might simply have been *How to Love,* though it would still have failed to tell those who do not know

how to love the way to deal with their disability; for it is one thing to say what this disability is, and even what the ability to love might in some instances be, but it is another thing to say how that disability is to be overcome and the ability to love developed in its stead.

Dr. Fromme's book is the routine work of a psychoanalyst who appears to think that psychology began with Freud (as if William James and Havelock Ellis had never existed), and it carries the expected emphasis on infantile psychology and its import for adult psychology and behaviour. In fairness it must be stated that Dr. Fromme departs from some Freudians in his realization that love is of many kinds, and not only sexual, though he stops short of any serious consideration of love in its religious sense. His book is, that is to say, for the most part superficial and facile, written in a cosy and sometimes jocose style, larded with everyday domestic allusions, which is no doubt meant to make our personal difficulties seem easier for all of us, while in fact doing nothing of the kind. The general effect is that of a rather naïve and comfortable avuncular work, almost wholly lacking in insight into the deeper realities of human nature.

It makes some oddish mistakes (Don Juan did not, as far as this reviewer knows, "write as an expert" on any kind of love), and some unexpected concessions (to Veblen, for instance, and his understanding of the human being's concern with "status"). No doubt it will appeal to many people, but it will do so on the level of those advertisements which are headed "How to Become an Author" or "How to Stop Blushing." Human nature, in its present psychological predicament, needs something honester and more realistic than Dr. Fromme's "How to become a Lover" and "How to Stop Being a [Freudian] Baby."

R. H. WARD

Greater Than We Know. By IAN FEARN. (A New Vision Publication. New Renascence, Lewes, Sussex, England. 84 pp. 1965. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

There must be many small groups of a broadly religious character in different places, grouping themselves round the focal point of some one person, whose teaching is their main inspiration. That teaching is generally a combination of ethics, psychology, and an aspiration to a larger, more spiritual consciousness, couched in terms that may be too vaguely general for some minds, but which obviously meet other people's needs. Whether such a saying as "only the daring discern Life; only the adventurous climb out of the mortal valley to the immortal heights" appears platitudinous or an illuminating truth will depend in part on the hearer or reader.

This small book is by Ian Fearn, an Anglican priest who died in 1957, the founder of New Vision and New Renascence. He intended this to be part of the Higher Science of Life, "a fellowship of the Spirit based on the Principles of Christ," and his followers devotedly continue to publish his writings.

E. WHITE

Ends and Sayings

" . . . ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."

—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

In 1965 a UNESCO inter-government educational congress considered ways and means of tackling illiteracy on an international basis. One of the foremost active campaigners against illiteracy in his own country is the Shah of Persia, who suggested to the congress the establishment of a special fund for this international purpose, made up of contributions by all Governments, equivalent to a fixed proportion of their countries' armaments expenditure. The Shah, however, not content with words alone, has started the fund off with his own contribution of £250,000 (*The Guardian*, 4 May 1966). This represents only a day's expenditure on arms, but it should be remembered that the Shah is already paying out, for the literacy campaign in Persia, the equivalent of a month's arms expenditure in the course of each year. The Teheran congress proposed concentrating on a few pilot projects in areas becoming industrialized. Four such schemes in different countries have been decided upon.

It is said that two-fifths of the world's population are illiterate. Perhaps sometimes, in viewing the disturbing quantity of trivial reading trash — and worse — that is let loose on the world, one might feel fearful of the prospect of introducing new readers to it. Yet literacy has such potentialities for good that one must hope that the door to opportunity will be opened with true value-discernment.

The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Overseas Development said in Parliament (19 May), about the British Government contributions to the literacy projects, that the problems were as much those of man-power as of money, and that it was helping to recruit or train skilled teachers for such work (*Times Educational Supplement*, 27 May 1966). It is noteworthy that the Shah not only makes military expenditure the measure for contributions to this educational campaign, but that he also uses Army conscripts as village teachers. Perhaps this synthesis of warrior-teacher (*kṣatriya-brāhmaṇa*) may extend the understanding of so-called caste functions. The *kṣatriya* has to fight also such enemies as privation and ignorance, and the *brāhmaṇa* is not merely concerned with religious teaching and rites.

The International Committee for the Advancement of Adult Education held its third session at Unesco House in Paris from 9 to 18 December 1965. A note on its discussions by Antonio de Gamarra appears in *Unesco Chronicle* (February 1966).

The concept of education should change in accordance with the needs of modern times. Education is no longer the privilege of the few. It has percolated down to the masses. A universal right to it has been recognized, and hence it has become a vital preoccupation of governments everywhere.

Moreover, technical progress is so rapid that any kind of training soon becomes inadequate to fulfil the demands of the various technical and scientific disciplines. The student, after his course is finished, must continue to keep pace with the quick tempo of development in every field of technology and science.

Education has thus become far too complex and vast a field to be entrusted entirely to the teachers and administrators and cannot easily be fitted within the narrow and orthodox patterns of the past. Specialists in different fields, sociologists, economists, and scientists must bring their experience, knowledge,

and ideas to bear upon a wider, all-embracing concept of education and help to remodel it. To work out this concept a radical reform in teaching methods is absolutely necessary. Educationists should not reject outright the traditions and experience of the past, but there must be a reorientation of education with the objective of preparing the individual to face the limitless demands of modern life.

The Committee discarded the hidebound notion of education, viz., that of equipping an individual to function effectively in a job and to utilize the knowledge he has gained in his childhood and youth through the rest of his life. It is necessary to provide "*global and lifelong education.*" The *Unesco Chronicle* points out:

> This concept is of vital importance both for the developed and developing countries. The latter have often had to start their educational structure almost from scratch. "With boldness and vision," the committee said, "they could turn their present weakness to advantage, and by rethinking the whole of education afresh in terms of their own needs, could create new educational models for the world of tomorrow."

The danger of materialistic thinking is finely brought out by G. W. Butterworth in "Is There a Limit?" (*Hibbert Journal*, Summer 1966). He explains the Greek *horos* (boundary or limit) as the framework of rational order in nature, as also the boundary for the limits of accepted ethical conduct. Later, both Stoicism and Christianity adopted the idea of an ordered and limited universe. But with the opening up of knowledge after the Renaissance, the confining limits have finally expanded into the hope of a limitless cosmos. Even the old limits on conduct have given way to the "permissive morality" of today, or to "self-interest coupled with power." Scientists theorize, experiment, and invent, apparently without limit, and though the common man continues to live within the old circle of human interests and duties, he feels a kind of agoraphobia at the loss of bounds which meant protection as well as limitation. Science can only examine the universe after abstracting "life, feeling and purpose" from it, with consequent partial and barren interpretations.

Mr. Butterworth turns instead to the individual, who may reason about preexistence or post-mortem states, but for whom the practical purpose of the life-span in the body is of supreme concern. Looking backwards or forwards too much is harmful. One can be overwhelmed by the immense ages and vast evolutionary struggles of the past, or fearful of the future. Yet primitive man, with far fewer resources, overcame the perils of his time. At present, so much needs to be done, and the modern shift

> from the thought of human responsibility in a strictly limited sphere, to the soul-less evolution destined to go on for ever, is the very thing that is likely to bring about those catastrophes which the mind fears.

After so much feverish, over-stimulated investigation, scientists should work out ways of turning their discoveries to man's common good. This, indeed, has begun, but is impeded, not so much by the demands of war and armaments, as by the "never-ending increases in pleasure, excitement, wealth and ease" among the affluent peoples.

Man's natural work is with nature, which imposes limits that are not impediments, but "the necessary framework" for true achievement. Man would never find real satisfaction if all limits in an infinite material universe were removed.

Mr. Butterworth offers the religious view as the only creative escape from materialistic science. There is a real world of spiritual values, present always, and, by its nature, without limits. It nourishes "our immeasurable hopes, loves, joys, ideals and the struggles we endure to realize them."

> Let the scientist go on with his work and point the way to use it for man's benefit. But

when he turns metaphysician, let him preface his speculations with the modest admission that he is only scratching the surface.

Mr. Butterworth's article should really be read complete, and, if he will develop the rather condensed ending-theme into another article on the search for the spiritual world, it should be valuable.

The massive increase in the craze for hallucinogenic drugs, mainly marijuana and LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) is causing concern in the United States and Britain. From being used by psychiatrists in psychosomatic disorders, LSD has become a drug for "thrills." A vast black market now caters largely for immature and unstable personalities, who are most attracted, and harmed, by its effects. LSD is non-addictive. Its effect varies with each individual, according to dosage, mood, circumstances, etc. It may heighten awareness or transfer sense impressions (seeing sounds, hearing colours). Visions may accompany physical perception. There may be changes of body feeling, releases of powerful emotion, anguish, or ecstasy. Cases are reported of suicide, violence, and murder, while under its hallucinatory influence. Legally its distribution is confined, under control conditions, to consultant psychiatrists, but illegal manufacture is not difficult. Because of the notoriety, the producing firm is considering ceasing manufacture and psychiatrists feel threatened with the loss of what they consider a valuable therapeutic agent. Patrick Hutber, in "The Truth about LSD" (*The Spectator,* 20 May 1966), aims at giving the facts objectively, to counteract sensational publicity. He gives a useful survey, pleading that the use of LSD be maintained in medical control — "any layman who wants to tamper with his own unconscious is a fool." He blames the present craze on those who should know better, like Aldous Huxley, who

> in his search for a religious substitute did a great deal to make experiments with psychomimetic drugs seem intellectually respectable. It is folly and can be dangerous folly.

It may be noted that Dr. Timothy Leary of the Castalia Foundation, New York, is fighting to legalize sales of LSD and marijuana to any layman licensed to use them "correctly" (*The Observer,* 10 April 1966). The Castalia Foundation's purpose is education — 10 guineas a day — in the use of these "psychedelic" (mind-expanding) drugs, and their application to psychology, psychiatry, art, Eastern philosophies, yoga, etc. Dr. Leary (*The Guardian,* 14 May 1966) considers their use less perilous than that of alcohol.

Now it is true that both agents open the consciousness to other levels, without control and without discrimination. Hence it is indeed dangerous folly to indulge in either. They make clear, however, the existence of modes of consciousness other than the physical; but not until man has found, in sufficient measure, his own true permanent spiritual and ethical centre can he safely begin to examine these inner regions of psychic illusion. That centre can never be reached by drugs.

Imperialism is everywhere in retreat, and even in shambles, politically but it preserves a seemingly intact façade in the cultural field. A few dents have been made by men like Will Durant, Max Müller, Romain Rolland, and others; yet the Western mind remains a strong bastion of cultural insularity, as can be easily seen in the attitude of apartheid that has been far too often practised by Western academicians in failing to give the East its due share in world culture. Shri Sukumar Azhicode describes the problem in *The Modern Review* (April 1966).

Western philosophers and scholars like Bertrand Russell and Will Durant have censured the Western academicians for this insular tendency. Bertrand Russell has put his finger rightly on the spot when he says very frankly, "There is an imperialism of culture which is

harder to overcome than the imperialism of power." He points out that, while speaking of Europe's Dark Ages, Western scholars fail to see the flowering of China's poetic genius during the time of the Tang dynasty. They likewise turn a blind eye to the brilliant civilization of Islam that flourished from India to Spain during the dark period of Europe's cultural history.

Max Müller was even stronger in the condemnation of the West's narrow-mindedness and unfairness, especially with regard to India. "India has never had full justice done to it, and when I say this, I think not only of ancient, but of modern India also."

Romain Rolland, too, rebukes Europe in his gentle way for its cultural arrogance. He has given a geographical perspective to world culture and civilization by speaking of "Asia, the great land of which Europe is but a peninsula."

Germans have been the first to accord recognition to the East for its share in the edifice of the world's culture and civilization. There is a galaxy of other illustrious men whose universal minds could not but be struck by the glory of the East as they went in quest of cultural beauty, and they, too, have chastised Western pundits for their sins of apathy or hostility to the East.

The lapses of Western philosophers, historians, and scholars have been so ridiculous as to imply the idea that their world stops at the shores of the Bosphorus and that culture and civilization essentially abide in Europe. They are apt to treat as a whole what is only a part of the story of culture. But their attitude is slowly changing under the liberal influence of men like Russell, Durant, and Rolland.

What is necessary, of course, is not merely a compensatory enthusiasm for the achievements of Eastern culture. We need a large, synthetic view, in which human efforts and human achievements are seen as the single interlinked story they form. Mutual appreciation attains a true depth when it is informed by a sense of the oneness of mankind.

Life

Out of the window flew my care,
I sighed relief,
But then another care flew in
And brought fresh grief,
Out of the window flew my joy,
I sighed for grief,
But then another joy flew in,
I sighed relief.

HERBERT BLUEN

A Telepathetic Tale

DR. MARGARET PAUL, M.D., a Los Angeles psychiatrist, recently reported an unusual and strange psychological experiment to the American Psychiatric Association. Dr. Paul described "Two Cases of Altered Consciousness with Amnesia Telepathetically Induced." The incident was reviewed in the *National Observer* for 17 January 1966. Participating in the experiment were Dr. Paul and two of her patients: one a bachelor, the other a twenty-eight-year-old woman experiencing an "unhappy marriage." These patients did not know each other.

The primary object of the experiment was to determine whether there might be an increase in extra-sensory perception, under the inducement of hallucinating drugs. Dr. Paul went to a laboratory some three hundred miles from Los Angeles. There, at 8 p.m. of a Friday, she drank a solution containing an hallucinator derived from a mushroom. As is usual, in the condition precipitated by this type of drug, all volitional consciousness was suspended, and soon Dr. Paul was "whirling from one fantasy to another." She described the experience

> as feeling terribly threatened by a destructive force, the only comprehensive escape was through love. Love of all things. Love of family, paternal, sexual, humanitarian.

During these fantasies the atom bomb fell, she was killed, but returned to life repeatedly to re-experience the terror.

In a few hours, Dr. Paul awakened, became orientated, and returned to Los Angeles. The following Monday, she interviewed her bachelor patient. He described how, on the previous Friday, he planned to view a TV programme beginning at 8 p.m. However, he lost several hours of awareness and awakened during the News Programme at 11 p.m. This was the time of Dr. Paul's hallucinations. The next morning he experienced a powerful fear of atomic attack; he even considered buying supplies in the event of an attack.

The next day, Tuesday, Dr. Paul interviewed the woman patient. She too reported losing several hours of volitional awareness the previous Friday evening, beginning precisely at the time of the experiment, 8 p.m. She and a guest walked out for icecream. She remembered nothing happening until around midnight. Her friend told her that during the hours between 8 and 12 p.m., she insisted upon driving to the home of a man in whom she was secretly interested. She remained outside his home, refusing to go home for several hours, all the while talking vaguely of her attachment.

In commenting on the factors involved in this experiment, Dr. Paul noted that both patients had a "strong but ambivalent attachment to her." The *Psychiatric Spectator,* in which the incident was also published, suggests most significantly:

> Perhaps many unaccountable moods and impulses stem from telepathetic communications and they remain unaccountable because we have not learned when, or how, to look for their source. Although this sounds uncomfortably like witchcraft, it may be indeed a phenomenon which must be incorporated into our diagnostic system.

With the increasing interest in and use of hallucinators, such as pyote, and with the prevailing attitude which indulges "anything for a kick," we can look forward to ever increasing exposure to the baneful influence of the "mushroom eaters."

ROBERT BUTLER